

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE • ADULTS ONLY • \$10.00

bondage life

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE



28.-

All models are 18 years or older. For sale to adults only

"... the models always came back for other sessions, so they didn't mind at all. We used to talk about it, that some men liked this. Some of the girls found that understandable. They didn't mind. Sometimes, it was even fun – like when kids play cowboys and Indians and tie each other up all the time. They enjoyed it."

PAULA KLAU – The
Irving Klaw Years,
April 1976

"I've noticed something very comfortable about bondage, a kind security, which probably can be traced to childhood. There is this feeling of being gently squeezed, or held, and that is a nice feeling. I read somewhere about a psychologist who believed bondage related to mother love in a couple of ways – that being tied up, gagged, blindfolded, completely helpless in other words, was about as close as you could get to being back in the womb which was the most secure place any of us have ever been. We were so safe there, all the responsibilities belonged to someone else."

MRS. PAUL RYAN – Bondage Life 2,
March 1978

"A man's sexual personality isn't necessarily what he shows to the world. It's just what he does privately, and it has nothing to do with the way he acts otherwise. If a woman would submit and do whatever he wants, he would probably reward her a hundred-fold. It isn't that big a deal – there can at least be compromise here since there will have to be in the other aspects of their relationship or the whole thing will fail."

JOANNE LINK – Bondage Life 1,
July 1977

"There is something very romantic and very erotic about that (bondage) fantasy as far as I'm concerned. It has appealed to me since I was a child, and I always loved it when we played games and I got to be the Maiden in Peril, tied up to a fence or whatever. I always begged to be the person tied up."

LAUREL BLAKE –
Bondage Life 25,
August 1986

"In my mind, it may have something to do with a man's power over his mate. I can see how it would be a turn-on. I myself have thought of handcuffing a man to a bed and just going for it. That would certainly give me a sense of power. And having all that power at my fingertips would give me a sense of excitement ... I can sense the thrill that would be involved."

PIA SANDS – Bondage Life 23,
February 1986

"They may have thought that bondage would be a restriction, a loss of freedom; they'll discover that it's not, it's a release ... it frees me to relax and just experience. It's a release from self-consciousness, from responsibility."

KIRI KELLY – Bondage
Life 33, August 1988

"I think it goes back even further than puberty experience, all the way back to being at the mother's breast, being completely helpless. I could like that, but I think that as a man it may be even more pleasurable because you have to shoulder the burden of all this responsibility and have to keep a "stiff upper lip." So I think it could be even more pleasurable because you can relax completely and accept the comfort of being helpless and taken care of ..."

MARIA TORTUGA – Bondage Life 32,
May 1988

"You can tie up anyone, or I can tie you up, but that's just bondage. If the person is intelligent, it's what their mind is doing to them that is the fun part ..."

SIMONE DEVON – Ladies
In Restraint 2, July 1986

"... I'm very much an active person and I guess that comes across in my performance when I'm tied up. That's part of the fun, putting my all into it. I guess it goes hand in hand: I'm an active person and I'm even more active when I'm tied up. There's a lot of sexual appeal about it – anyone who says there isn't is lying through his teeth ... the vulnerability, what the woman is wearing, what she's tied up with. We present it in a sexually appealing way."

DEBRA LEE – Bondage Life 30,
November 1987

bondage life

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All of Harmony's Love Bondage materials are available by mail order. Our delivery is prompt and discreet, our mailing list is exclusive. For more information, see the video ad elsewhere in this magazine.



Hooded XVIII, by B.C.
charcoal and pastel on alpha board, 1987

**HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS –
CELEBRATING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY WHOSE
“LOVE BONDAGE” IS AS MUCH FOR HER
PLEASURE AS OURS**

Publisher: R. Q. Harmon • Editor: Brian Tarsis • Contributing Editor: Eric Holman • Art Director: Ross Davidson
Media Columnist: Carl McGuire • Staff Artists: “Coco,” Brian Tarsis

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We regret we are not able to personally reply to all correspondence.

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Under NO circumstances are minors to view, be offered, possess or purchase this publication.

The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner.

When I asked you for my freedom
Little did I know
That I'd long for chains to bind me
I left the arms I needed so
Baby why'd you let me go

Now I'm begging and I'm pleading
Just to be tied down

To the love I thought was shackles
You mean more than all I've found
Come and wrap your arms around me

Come and take me love
And put me
Put me under lock and key
Let the walls of love surround me

Put a ball and chain on me
And love me tenderly

Darling won't you free me
From my freedom
Darling put love's chains back on me
Darling free me from my freedom
Without love I can't be free

And I don't wanna be

Darling put a chain on me
Tie me to a tree
Handcuff me
Tie me to a tree
Handcuff me

"FREE ME FROM MY FREEDOM" by Bonnie Pointer, © 1979 by Motown Records

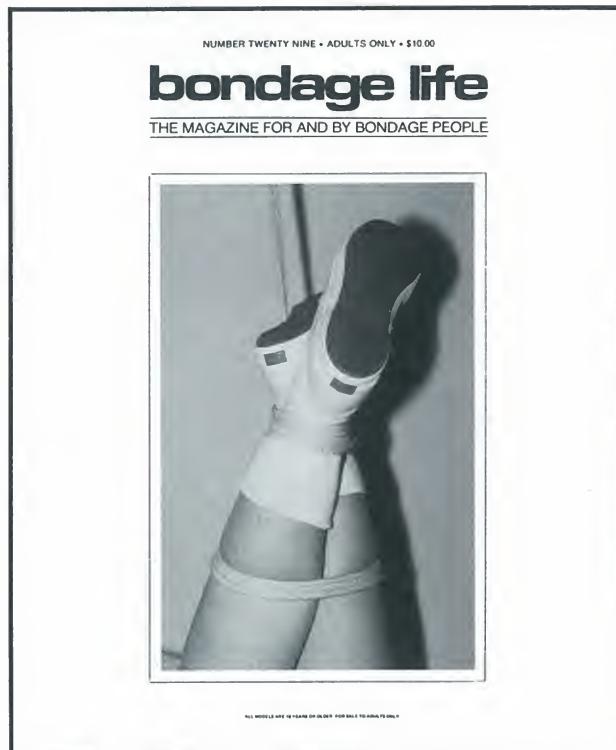
Back in Bondage Life 30 we asked the musical question, "What would bondage music sound like?" This, of course, is a multiple-answer question. The intriguing words you've just read are most of the lyrics to a song titled "Free Me From My Freedom," by Bonnie Pointer, from her nameless solo album released a few years ago by Motown Records. The references to bondage could at first be construed as figurative, but as the song progresses Bonnie

removes all doubt that she not only knows what she's singing about but has a real grasp on the psychology of Love Bondage. If you prefer your bondage music with a rock beat, you'll have no trouble finding references to bondage in this genre. From the Cars' recent pop hit "Strap Me In" to the more obscure Frank Zappa song "Aerobics in Bondage," rock is the one style of music that's free-form enough to deal with any topic. Craig of Minneapolis writes that a band called "The Lords of the New Church," recording on the "Bondage International" label, sing a whole song about a bondage scenario. Of course, for actual Love Bondage accompaniment, many will still prefer the less distracting strains of Mozart or the traditional Ravel's "Bolero" Big news for all you Sally Roberts fans (and we know there are a lot of you)! A never-before-seen Sally Roberts video has been discovered. Filmed back in 1983 when Sally was at her peak, it was apparently set aside because of its length (well over an hour). "An Interesting Situation" has now been released as AH-52, and is available through Harmony's mail order department. Also new from the video wing here at Harmony headquarters is the long-awaited release of the first bondage video from JAMM Productions, JM-1. It stars the lively and emotive Theresa Lake, with Debbie Dee and Mistress Yvette in supporting roles. We have also discovered (or maybe he discovered us) another remarkable new talent in the person of amateur bondage producer Jay Edwards. His first bondage video, "Ashley and Michelle" (B-67), is a knockout. It features two attractive and very sexy young women in creative, eye-catching and very secure bondage. No storyline, but who

TIELINES

THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

By Brian Tarsis



SNEAKER SWITCHEROO – If Atreus had had his way, this is how the cover of BL 29 would have looked!

needs that when the girls and the bondage look so good! This first effort promises great things to come, and we are proud to welcome him and his ladies aboard. Also new, and, in our heavily biased and subjective opinion, very good, is HC-4, "Madame Zola's Parlor." There's a chemistry that happens when Kiri Kelly and Tiana Cambridge get together, and it makes any video they're in sizzle. But, don't take our word for it. The lights have been burning all hours over

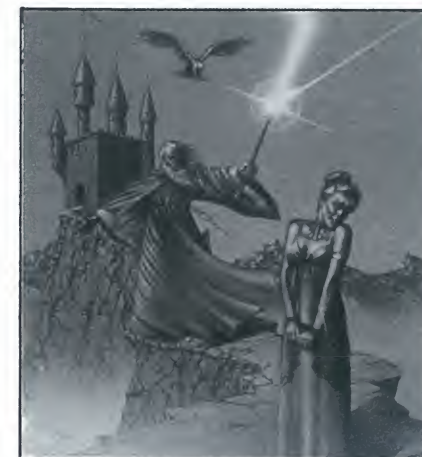
there in the video wing, and once again they've come up with something new in video: a series of Model Profiles. These will be 40-minute tapes that sell for \$30 apiece, and each one will feature an in-depth profile on a single model. You'll meet her, get to know her, and hear how she feels about bondage and other related subjects, mostly in the form of voice-overs while you watch her bound and struggling in Harmony-style bondage. She'll tell you how it felt to be bound that way, but the sound will be left intact for portions of each bondage so you can hear the sounds she made as she experienced it, as well. It's an experiment, but we think it's time you really met some of our models – we think you'll be surprised by their thoughts, their feelings, their candor Here's a little consumer item some bondagers might be interested in. It's a black T-shirt with white lettering on the front reading: "It's been so long since I've had sex, I can't remember who gets tied up." It's cute, it's subtle, it's \$9.95 plus \$1.95 postage from Mellow Mail order department, Box 811, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276-0811. Indicate item number 10448 and designate size The Sun, an Australian paper, reported on the dilemma of a troupe of actors in Sydney. They were due to open soon with their rendition of the English comedy "What The Butler Saw" at the Sydney Opera House, but there was a little problem. The play called for two straitjackets to be worn by two pretty actresses. The problem was, it is apparently illegal to own a straitjacket in Australia, and every hospital and psychiatric ward they called wanted nothing to do with them. "We were in pretty desperate trouble," said the show's stage manager. "The girls' parts demanded that

they wear straitjackets, and nothing else would do." At last the problem was solved when they discovered that the Melbourne Theatre Company had recently performed the same play, and was willing to share their straitjackets. To celebrate their success, and also as an opportunity for publicity photos, the girls were strapped into their jackets, loaded onto a gurney, and wheeled down the street Whether we care to admit it or not, winter is on the way. Oh, it isn't here yet, but you can feel it coming. For many it will mean the end of outdoor activities and a lot more time for the indoor ones. "Toss a log on the grate and get comfortable, Ethel, it's a jug of wine, a length of rope, and thou time." An Oregon harmonizer has informed us of a particularly interesting winter item, for which he has found a use perhaps not intended by the manufacturer. The sporting goods stores are stocking up just about now with lots of warm things to wear, including neoprene face masks for skiers. These little rascals fit tightly and securely over the bottom two-thirds of the face, with a nose-slit and breathing holes for the mouth. Our friend in Oregon claims that they are perfect for holding a little mouth packing in place comfortably and securely. It occurs to us that, if one were inclined that way, and lived in a cold enough climate so as not to look out-of-place, one could actually be taken out in public like that. Now we know that, just because we said that, someone somewhere is going to go out alone, masked, gagged and tied up under their coat, and they're going to run into their chatty neighbor who will think something's wrong with them and attract a crowd, someone will call an aid car and they'll end up on the six o'clock news. Don't blame us. Public bondage, like any other kind, should be done with a responsible partner, someone to do the talking or pick you up if you fall over Still no word on Dorothy Dietrich, the world's greatest lady escape artist. We haven't lost faith, we know that somewhere Dorothy is slipping in and out of ropes as casually as we'd change a necktie. Somewhere those succulent limbs and lithe torso are being shackled and chained, hopelessly immobilized, only to spring free with a subtle twist and a deft little wriggle. Somewhere Last issue, we brought back a feature too long absent from these pages – Bound for Controversy. We intend this to be a permanent part of Bondage Life, in spite of the con-



"HE PROMISES TO BRING ME BACK IN TIME TO SHOOT THE NEXT EPISODE!" – Night Court's Marsha Warfield mugs for the camera in this photo from *People* magazine. Why is she gagged in the back of her own Mercedes? She didn't say.

trovery, but we need one thing from our readers. Pictures! We are going to need some good, attractive photos of men in bondage. There are many men who, deep down, want to experience bondage, but are too inhibited. They might be afraid they'll look silly tied up, or that the woman in their life will think them unmanly. The photos we've published so far in this column have, we think, presented male bond-



PRINCESSES ARE FOR RESCUING – Was there ever a princess who didn't need to be rescued? We've checked the literature. Greek mythology, Norse, English, German – whenever princesses appear in stories, you can be pretty sure they'll be captured, imperiled, enchanted or whatever, and then rescued by some brave young prince. Kings and queens probably got stoic about it – if they had a boy they gave him a sword and taught him to climb towers; if it was a girl they had her fitted for collar and chains. This piece of art is from the box of a computer adventure game called *Wizard and the Princess*, produced by Sierra On-Line, Inc., and carries on the time-honored tradition admirably.

age in an attractive way, and have hopefully helped to allay these fears a little, but we are quickly running out of them. All contributions will be greatly appreciated It's trivia time! Today's trivia question is this: What was the first magazine ever produced by Harmony Communications? While you ponder that, we'll go on Everyone's got advice to dispense, the trick is to get it from a source who knows what they're talking about. You wouldn't ask Dear Abby how to tune your carburetor, and you wouldn't ask *Good Housekeeping* how to deal with your sexual concerns . . . or would you? Imagine our surprise when we learned that that stalwart homemaker's magazine ran a sex advice article in their May issue. Readers apparently sent in their questions, and GH's resident expert advised them. One of the questions asked was perhaps just a little bit out of their realm of expertise: "My husband and I occasionally enjoy tying each other up loosely during sex, but I'm worried that this is weird. How can I tell when we have 'crossed the line' into abnormality?" To this sensitive and trusting question GH gives the following response: "Strictly speaking, you already have, but not very far. What you are doing is a pale imitation of sadomasochistic practices that in their extreme form involve whips and chains. Sadomasochists can't enjoy sex unless pain and suffering are involved. At this point, your fantasy 'bondage' game is harmless enough, as long as it's only play-acting, and nobody gets hurt. If it progresses, however, and you find yourselves seeking more exotic forms of sexual stimulation, it's time



BONDAGE FANTASIES PAST — These delicious images were published back in the thirties, in a French magazine of that period called "Pour Lire a Doux" (literally translated, "For Reading as a Twosome," or "Together"). Once again, it seems the French are way ahead of us, featuring a bondage fantasy in an erotic magazine for couples back in 10, B.W. (before Willie).

to see a therapist..." Thank you, *Good Housekeeping*. It's nice to know that someone is keeping track of the boundaries of normality for the rest of us. Dear Abby, about my carburetor A talkative bus passenger was loudly regaling her companion with a saga of ongoing dental problems. Other passengers were getting irritated. "I've spent a fortune on my mouth," she said. "Have you tried a new dentist?" her friend asked. "Have you tried painkillers?" Before she could respond, a voice from the back said, "Have you tried tape?" If it sounds like something out of Reader's Digest, it is. It got a chuckle here, though Before there was tanking, there was . . . bondage? By now, most of us are probably aware of the trendy form of relaxation called "tanking," a form of sensory deprivation that involves floating in a tank of warm water, in the dark with ears muffled. By removing all sensory input, the mind is freed to turn inward, a sort of super-meditation. Before this technique reached its present state, however, it went through some interesting variations. B. C. of North Carolina sent us a clipping from the *New York Times*, 1970, about some of the early research that went into the tanking phenomenon. At that time, the Foundation for Mind Research in Manhattan was experimenting with what they called a "witch's cradle," named after the witch's practice of suspending themselves from trees in bags. It was a metal body-sized cradle, not unlike the ones used on military emergency evac helicopters. The subject was securely strapped into it, wrists crossed in front and double-strapped in place (a photo accompanied the article). A big leather blindfold covered the eyes, and then the cradle was suspended for a prolonged period

of time. According to the researchers, this device "... suspends the subject's contact with the physical world and causes them (sic) to experience vivid dream-like fantasies." This, we feel obliged to point out, is not much different from the research we do here at Harmony. We, too, have had reports that periods of bondage, particularly prolonged ones with blindfolds, have

the bound statues at the Smithsonian. These will be featured in upcoming installments of "The Fine Art of Bondage." We'd also like to mention that we are attempting to gather as much bondage-related fine art as we can for this worthy department. There is a great deal of it out there, both contemporary and classical, and it should really be shared with the whole bond



FIELD RESEARCH — Dave Barry, syndicated humor columnist and author of *Dave Barry's Guide to Marriage and/or Sex*, braces himself for connubial bliss. His book, a satire on *The Joy of Sex*, was promoted in *People* magazine with this rather choice photo.

induced vivid fantasies. Come to think of it, even *thinking* about prolonged bondage induces fantasies. Perhaps we should apply for a government grant to continue our research We'd like to thank our unidentified reader in Maryland, the one who sent us, among other things, the photos of

age community. If you know of any bondage fine art being displayed in your area, or maybe have a reproduction of some in a book, we would very much appreciate a photo. Some contemporary artists to watch for are Christo (who loves to wrap and tie up anything — girls, statues, buildings,

you name it), Nancy Grossman and Robert Blue. There was a great deal of bondage art produced during the latter half of the nineteenth century, by numerous artists (this was, of course, the Victorian era — see what a little repression can do?). We are also particularly looking for classical paintings of Andromeda, the legendary Greek princess who was chained to a rock as a sea-monster *hors d'oeuvre*, but was rescued by Perseus at the last moment. We are accumulating these pieces gradually, but a little help would be appreciated more than we can say Back in BL 25, Tielines made mention of popular and controversial author Anne Rice. The titles of her more erotic novels were listed, as well as the pseudonyms she used. One of them, *Exit to Eden* by "Anne Rampling," has recently come into our hands, and it is everything we thought it might be. In her *Vogue* interview, Ms. Rice expressed her outrage that women in our culture are made to repress, and feel guilty for having, fantasies of submission. Within the realm of fiction created in *Exit to Eden*, the characters are allowed to deal with these feelings and live out their fantasies. The story centers around a sort of "Fantasy Island" for the rich and kinky, and around a relationship between Lisa, one of the island's founders, and Elliott, one of its naked and submissive slaves. It deals more with the psychology of dominance and submission than it does with bondage, but there is still plenty:

"I moved silently on hands and knees across the dark, rose-colored parquet onto another soft rectangle of red Persian carpet. Heart thudding. The sound of his shoes. 'On your feet, my dear, that's it.' I felt the thin leather straps enclosing my head. Panic. 'Shhh, now, now. Are we so frightened?' His right hand came around, cupped my left breast as I felt the smooth satin robe against my back. 'There,



"NICE CONCEPT, BOYS. WORK WITH IT." — Popular rock group "Sparks" came up with this one for the cover of their new album "Propaganda." Great idea, but mightn't it have been better with a couple members of some other gender?



CHAINS OF LOVE, LOVE OF CHAINS — Here's another pair of greeting cards with the personal touch. "Congratulations" is, of course, for someone getting married, and was created by Sunrise Publications of Indiana. Elvira, on the other hand, needs no excuse to slip into anything kinky or campy. Her card was produced by Paper Moon Graphics and Elvira Merchandising, Inc.



steady, hands clasped at the base of your spine. You want to look pretty for your master, don't you? Lips against my face. I melted at the tenderness. Anything for you, Master. It seemed my sex was growing impossibly hot, full. I felt the thin straps encircling my forehead, my cheeks, narrow straps coming down the sides of my nose. My tongue darted to touch the opening for my mouth. 'Kitten tongue!' he whispered in my ear, pinching the underside of my bottom. Breath of cologne, and a low, toneless laughter. He had gathered all my hair up and was winding it into a coil with firmly placed hairpins. The helmet of straps was being clasped tight around my head, over the circle of hair, with short tugging motions. I felt the corset go 'round my waist, slipped under my arms. I tried not to make a sound. I was trembling too violently. 'Shhh, now, my precious darling. You're just a baby, a lovely little baby, aren't you?' he said. He stood in front of me, hooking the corset tight at the bottom, over the curve of my belly, then drawing it in impossibly with each new hook as he worked his way towards my breasts. The leather casing closed around me, pushing the breasts up and high with half cups that did not cover the nipples. 'Grand,' he said, suddenly kissing my lips through the thin strap mask. Unbearable the tension. The corset was fastened now completely. It seemed to hold me up as if I had no weight or stamina of my own. 'Lovely,' he said, lifting my nipples, nestling them carefully over the leather, pulling at the nipples to make them longer, harder. How accustomed to it all he was, how skilled and quick. 'And now those lovely arms, what shall we do with those lovely arms?' *Anything you desire, Master.* I stretched my neck, shuddered, tried to show by undulation my submission. Every breath seemed to strike against the burning sheath of the corset. Hungry spasms between my legs. He moved out of my blurred vision, returning almost immediately with a curious pair of long leather gloves. I saw at once they could be laced together. Turning me around he quickly pushed my fingers into the black kid, working it carefully over my hand and wrist, then the same thing for the right hand until the gloves were smoothed well above the elbows. I felt the jerk of the lacings, my arms being sealed against each other, pulled back hard so that my breasts were

Continued on Page 23

By The People

LETTERS • LETTERS • LETTER & PHOTOS • PHOTOS • PHOTO

Dear Bondage Life:

My hands trembled the first time I tied Maureen.

We had been married about a year and were still getting to know one another. I'd long had fantasies of tying her up, but had been afraid to tell her; in the early 70's, bondage was seldom spoken of. Then *The Joy of Sex* came out, and the favorable discussion of bondage in the book gave me an opportunity to introduce the topic in conversation.

Much to my surprise, Maureen expressed a mild interest in the idea of being tied. As a girl, she said, she'd been excited by playing cowgirl and Indians. Being held captive gave her a thrill she hadn't understood at the time. Perhaps it might be fun to try a little bondage some day, she mused.

I let the subject drop for a while, afraid to press my luck. Then one afternoon, as she responded warmly to my embrace, all the signs seemed

right. I decided it was now or never, and told her I thought we'd play a little game.

"What kind of game?" she asked.

I reminded her of the time she said she thought she'd like to try bondage, and asked if she wanted to play a grownup version of cowboys and Indians.

She agreed.

"You trust me, don't you?" I asked. I needed to hear her say that everything was all right. "You know I won't do anything you don't want me to."

"I trust you," she answered. "I'll tell you if I want you to stop."

I led her to the bedroom, undressed her, and laid her out on the bed. She waited silently as I took cords from several robes and nightgowns, then bound her wrists and ankles to the bedposts. I used a scarf to blindfold her.

She was so quiet as she submitted to my bondage that I wondered if she

were upset, or if she was as nervous as I was. I realized that I'd never considered what I'd do if I ever was able to tie Maureen up, that I'd never really believed I'd get to this point. My wife lay naked and spreadeagled on the bed and I didn't know what to do!

Maureen lay passively, gave no hint of what she wanted. After an eternity of indecision, I ran a hand up her naked flank. She quivered with pleasure and I realized that she, too, was aroused. With growing assurance, I stroked her tender flesh and caressed her most intimate parts. She responded passionately and, when we joined, she came to an intense climax, straining and writhing against her bonds.

I rushed to unfasten her. "Are you all right, darling?" I asked.

"Very much so," she answered.

Maureen and I have been married more than fifteen years and bondage remains an occasional part of our relationship. We have experimented with

many different methods of bondage, and although time has shown that her interest in bondage is not as intense as mine, and that her preferences rarely include the elaborate scenarios that dominate my fantasies, we have found a loving and satisfactory middle ground.

I share these intimate moments now in the hopes that perhaps I will give courage to another young husband or lover who has desires that he is afraid to share with the woman he holds most dear. Put aside your fear, but always remember that trust, consideration, and the willingness to compromise are as essential in Love Bondage as they are in all other aspects of marriage.

Yours truly,

Islander

Amen!

-Ed.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MRS. "T."

Whether she's struggling on the floor or sitting moodily in a chair, Mrs. "T." remains a lot of people's ideal of the bondage wife.



DIANA: THE NIGHT OF THE COWGIRL Variations on a theme by Australia's W.M. and his oh-so-patient wife



SWEDISH BEAUTY IN CHAINS ... thanks to loving husband G.R.



**BLINDFOLDED, BLUEJEANED AND
BOUND FOR BED**
Thanks to our Reader in the East



**A NEW BONDAGE LIFE CONTEST:
TELL THE WORLD WHAT IS POSITIVE
ABOUT BONDAGE!**

Three years ago, Harmony asked Bondage Life readers to explain Why Bondage Looks Good. Now we're inviting you to illuminate an even more significant subject: Why bondage is a worthy and respectable presence in your life, why it's a practice that's beneficial both for you and the one you love, why it's a *positive* pastime.

If you turn back to pages two and three of this magazine, you'll find positive opinions about bondage candidly expressed by nine women. Bondage has a different meaning for each one, but all agree that it brings pleasure to many. They participate in this intriguing pastime because of the love they bear for the men in their lives — and because they too enjoy it.

The pages that display their words serve as Harmony's window on the world; there a reader unfamiliar with bondage receives his or her first impression of the Bondage Community. In past issues, that reader could have seen an evocative photo accompanied by a brief psychological insight. Or a dazzling illustration that communicates as words alone never could. Or an especially thoughtful letter from one who lives the bondage life. Whatever the medium employed, we want these pages to speak truthfully and eloquently about bondage, to convey those qualities of

beauty, passion, and loving trust we find in it.

So your challenge is to consider bondage's worthiness in the context of your own life, then shape your reflections into a short essay — 100 words should suffice — appropriate for publication on pages two and three of Bondage Life 35. That issue will appear in February 1989; to insure sufficient time for what will undoubtedly be a difficult selection process, we have to establish an absolute deadline of November 1, 1988 for the reception of your essays. Give your voice a chance to be heard: The essay chosen for publication will be an important contribution to the demystification of bondage, revealing its true dimensions of sensual playfulness and mutual consent to those still troubled by misconceptions about its nature.

A contest implies a prize. To augment the spiritual reward of knowing that the winning essay will educate many who are uninformed about bondage, we will offer the author \$500 worth of Harmony magazines and videos; this credit may be expended at once or diminished over an indefinite period. We expect to publish many of the other worthy entries in future By The People sections of Bondage Life.

When you've finished enjoying your copy of Bondage Life, take some time to think — then tell the truth that you know.

Send your essay to:

Harmony Communications
Box 69976
Los Angeles, CA 90069

PORTRAITS OF "L"

Sitting demurely or sprawling provocatively, winsome housewife "L" of Texas sparkles in these snapshots by devoted husband and bondager "R."



... WITH BEST
REGARDS
R&J of Baltimore
send their best to
Love Bondagers all
over the globe.



Dear Harmony,

I have gathered some information that may be of interest to readers of BL. I decided to take a look at the "By The People" sections of all my BLs and specifically look at the letters from readers. This analysis is somewhat incomplete because my personal collection includes only issues 9, 11, and 15 through 31. This sample is pretty large though, with around 450 total letters appearing. I was looking for the percentage of letters which expressed any interest in or positive mention of males in bondage. Any letters which did not mention males in bondage were grouped in the category which included *only* women in bondage. As you would expect, this was the majority category and accounted for 72% of all letters.

As for the remaining letters, about 4% mentioned males *only* in bondage or male self-bondage. The remaining 24% of letters were those in which both males and females got a turn in the ropes. Now, there is no reason to draw a correlation between contributors to BL and the whole of Harmony's customers. However, I wonder if these numbers might suggest that a separate "Males In Bondage" magazine is worth a try. My suggestion would be to put Simone on the case and provided that a willing model is found, have her enact some of the classic letters and stories which have appeared in BL. These are good scripts!

I have a couple of other random thoughts. First, how about having a vote on some Harmony favorites, i.e. model, magazine, issue of BL (mine is 19!), etc. Also, I would love to see a percentage breakdown of Harmony's mailing list by state and country, if you can get around to figuring it out.

Concerning bondage video, even though I have a VCR I must say I'm still not sold on bondage videos. I have been wondering why and thought I would suggest some reasons. One reason is all too obvious: price. For the price of the cheapest Harmony video, you can buy a lot of great magazines! Also, unless you have a very large-screen TV (or sit very close), you can't appreciate the details of the ropework, expressions, clothes, etc. You can't beat the resolution of the average magazine and if the letters to BL say anything, they shout out the importance of small details to the appreciation of bondage visuals. On a more psychological level, another problem may be that videos don't leave enough to the imagination (maybe they can't).

Also, the hard reality is that the storylines/situations and production values of the videos can't match good film or TV standards (or can they?).

I saved my most important suggestion for last. Please give serious consideration to a retrospective series of magazines devoted to the legendary Harmony models of the past. What I have in mind is a series of "Best Of..." magazines, each one devoted to a single Harmony model starting with the earliest and working forward in time. Now I realize that some purchasers will end up with some duplication in their collections, but what is that compared to all those Harmonizers who may have missed out on some of the great photos of the past? Also, it seems to me that you have the photos in your files already, thereby reducing your costs to put these volumes together. Some of the models I would look for include Jennifer West (of course), Cody Nichole, Libby Curtis, Holly Summers, Judith Wilson, Laurel Blake, and Sally Roberts. I think this would be a great service to loyal fans who came along after many of these stars drifted out of print.

I hope my observations are of interest and finally, I can't say enough about how great Harmony is. You truly are an oasis in every sense of the word and your sensitive, intelligent approach to "Love Bondage" is greatly appreciated!

I hope I can meet a woman who shares my willingness to stretch the boundaries of love and lovemaking in the same way many other Harmonizers have. When I do, you'll hear from me again! Hope to see some of my comments in BL and thanks another million times!

A Reader in S. New England

Whoah, you've got more ideas than a country boy in Paris! The only fair thing to do with your first suggestion is to put it up for a vote. Is there anyone else interested in seeing Harmony do a whole magazine of male bondage? If so, how would you like to see the bondage presented? As for a vote of favorites, our readers give us that regularly in letters, just as you have done. A breakdown of our mailing list wouldn't really tell us much at this point - basically, we'd find out in which areas people prefer direct mail to bookstore shopping, and that is being strongly affected by the recent bans on bondage materials in some areas. Your views on videos are noted, and we are doing all we can about the prices and production standards, the rest being a matter of taste. Concerning the "Best Of..." now that's an idea worth deliberating...

-Ed.

Continued on Page 44



Hooded V



Hooded XVII
1987 - charcoal on alpha board

The Fine Art Of Bondage



The Department Store ("It also comes in brown.")
1977 - ink, pencil on tracing paper



Standing Room
1976 - colored ink & pastel on tracing paper

PART II: The Art of B.C.

The artist whose work you are looking at must, for the time being, remain anonymous. This is not because he is unwilling to own up to his art. In fact, he has been showing his paintings of this sort at major galleries in New York for twenty years. He is well established in the art community, his work widely recognized for its unique style and subject matter. But, in the area where he lives, minds and attitudes are not as open as they are in the art world, and so he must for now be known simply as B.C.

His work is intricate and immediately involving. Each piece draws you inexorably into itself, intrigues you and dares you to explore its mystery, to decipher its content. The patient eye, hindered and unsettled by the deliberately

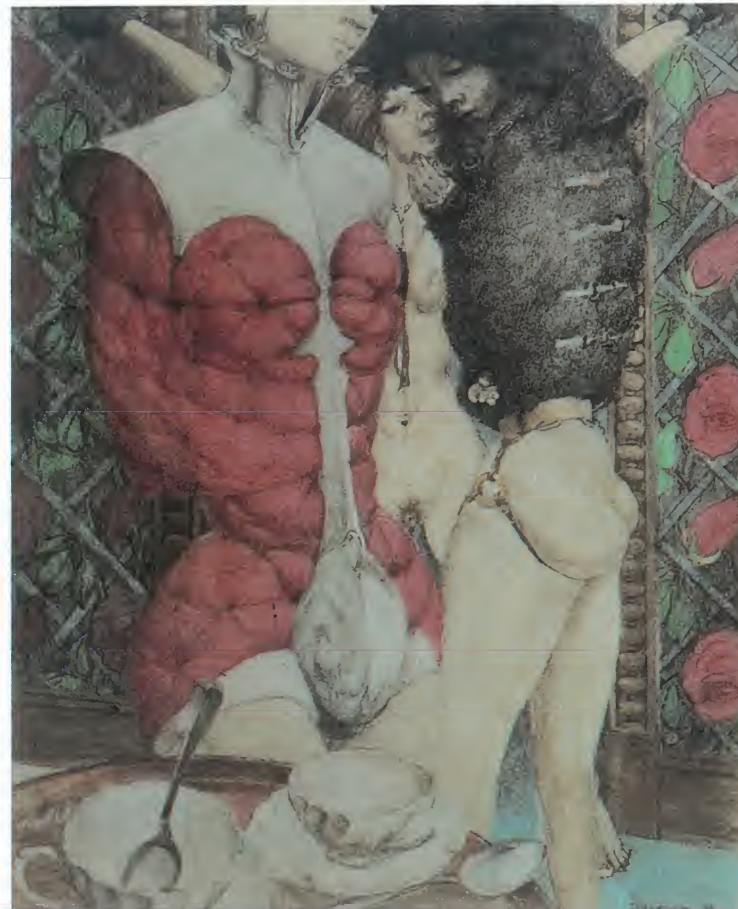
obstructing juxtaposition of forms, is periodically rewarded by brief glimpses of strikingly erotic scenarios.

As a group, the paintings shown here create a bizarre wonderworld of sensuality, an ongoing multi-level party full of willing and available women, displayed in various imaginative and unconventional bondages. The "Hooded" series provides a restful but equally mysterious counterpoint with its dramatic studies in faceless and amorphous black rubber.

"The Yellow Couch," along with 25 other pieces with similar themes, were exhibited in 1972 at the A. M. Sachs Gallery in Manhattan, a show which the *Village Voice* rated at four stars, their highest rating. Many of these pieces can still be found at another NYC gallery, though not always on display. Anyone seriously interested in seeing (or buying) any of these is invited to write to B.C., care of Harmony.



Tea (detail)



Tea 1980 – ink & craypas on tracing paper



Tea (detail)



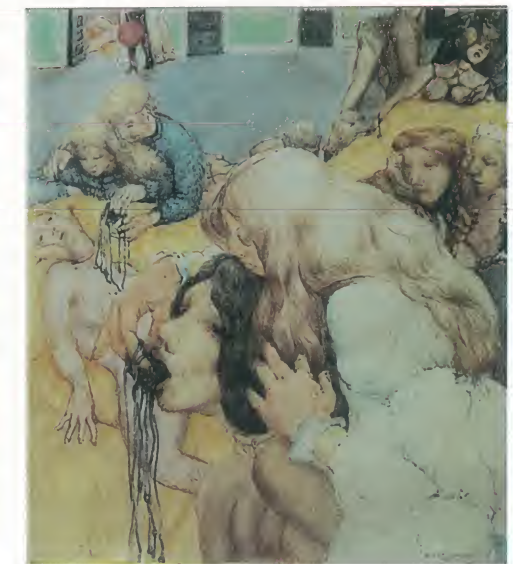
The Four Stools
1984 – acrylic on panel



The Four Stools (detail)



The Four Stools (detail)



To Be Quiet
1972 – colored ink & acrylic on tracing paper

The Yellow Couch 1971 – ink & gouach on tracing paper



The Yellow Couch (detail)



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SIGNATURE

SPECIAL POSTAGE & HANDLING NOTE: U.S. & Canadian buyers please add \$2 postage if ordering only 1 magazine. Add a total of \$3 if ordering 2 or more magazines. Overseas buyers must add \$3.50 for each book ordered.

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BG-1 "THE ARROW FILMS BUYER'S GUIDE" \$15 VHS OR BETA POSTPAID

This sampler tape contains excerpts from literally every bondage scene from every Arrow bondage video ever produced, from "Target for Torment" (AH-1) to "Judith Wilson and Friends" (AH-51). If you've been hesitant to buy these classic bondage videos, for whatever reason, BG-1 will answer all your questions about all 51 of them. Sample the staggering variety of high heels, streetwear, lingerie, nude . . . you name it, Arrow's done it! Each of the 51 segments contains short clips of each bondage scene, and is introduced by popular bondage star Debra Lee. An invaluable shopping tool, and a spellbinding hour of fast-paced bondage entertainment all by itself! 500 bondage scenes in all.

Harmony Communications presents the world's largest cross-section of videotapes dedicated to the concept of Love Bondage (bondage practiced between lovers, for their mutual enjoyment). Our inventory includes a broad spectrum of approaches and styles — lingerie, nude, barefoot, boots, leather, fetishes, etc.

THE HARMONY VIDEO BUYER'S GUIDE PACKAGE . . .

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BG-2 "THE HARMONY B-SERIES VIDEO BUYER'S GUIDE" \$25 VHS OR BETA POSTPAID

A staggering 700 bondage scenes, all on one tape! The B-series was created to showcase bondage videos created by amateurs, real bondage-loving people adventurous enough to share their precious moments with the bondage community. The result is an incredible variety of bondage styles and interests, presented with the kind of creativity and sincerity you'd expect from true bondage enthusiasts. This sampler represents the first 60 B-series videos showing brief clips from every tie-up in every one of them. Some of these video programs feature names made famous by their bondage expertise, like Sir Frank and Hanby Downs. Others are famous for other attributes, like Heather Irons and the amazingly endowed Bonnie Bond-rite. Most are notable mainly for their real-life exuberance and down-home honest enjoyment of what they're doing. As in BG-1, the scenes from each video are introduced by Debra Lee.

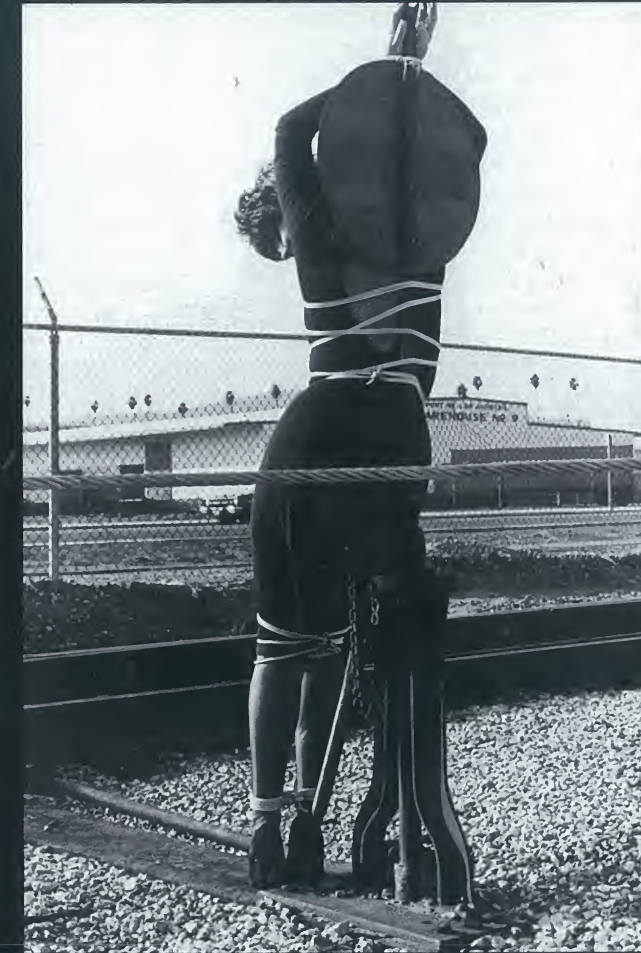
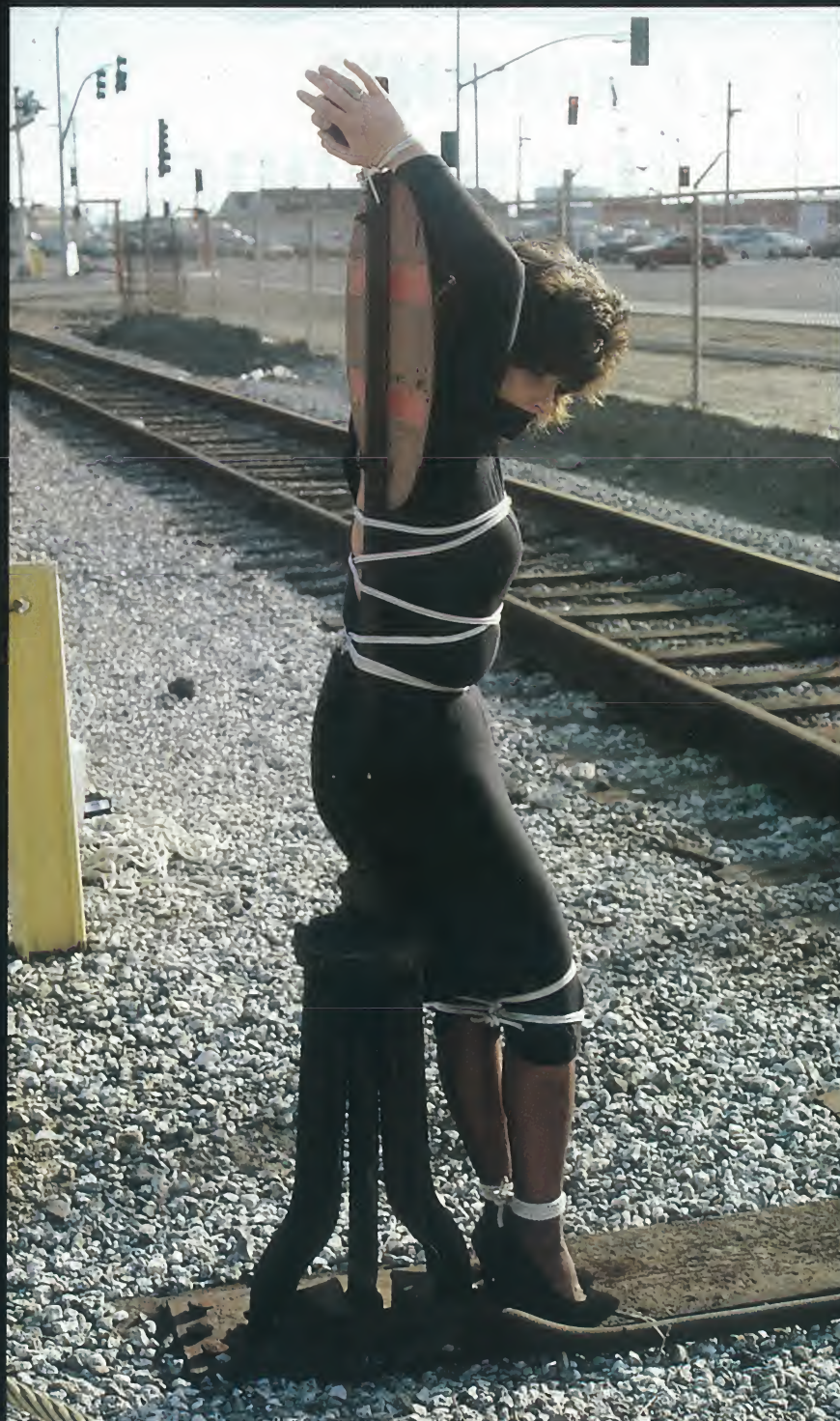
All of our videotapes are available only by mail order. You won't find them in any stores, anywhere. For more information, send for our free monthly brochures. Our mailing list is exclusive and discreet, to be shared with no one, ever.

BG-3 "THE HISTORY OF HARMONY VIDEO BUYER'S GUIDE" \$25 VHS OR BETA POSTPAID

Almost 600 bondage scenes, chronicling ten years of Harmony bondage videos! Back in 1978, Heidi Kester first stepped before a movie camera to bind and gag Jennifer West. Since then, dozens of bondable beauties have struggled their way through Harmony's bondage films and videos. Names like Cody Nichole, Holly Summers, Laurel Blake, Geri Alcott and Sophia Riga still, for many of us, summon up images of bound and gagged struggling beauty. They're all here! Every one of those gorgeous gals from Harmony's past wriggles briefly across the screen in this sampler, followed, in succession, by more recent bondage stars like Crystal Breeze and Marilyn Dowling and finally right up to today's favorites like Debra Lee. (NOTE: BG-3 does not include excerpts from the new \$40 and \$25 videos in the SD, JD, HC and HS series, nor from BF-5 to BF-10.) Harmony's videos have included extensive studies in lingerie and nude bondage, as well as recognizing specialized tastes like bare feet, boots, and spandex bondage. An enjoyable hour-long tour through Harmony's video history, complete with voice-over narration, and the ultimate shopping guide.

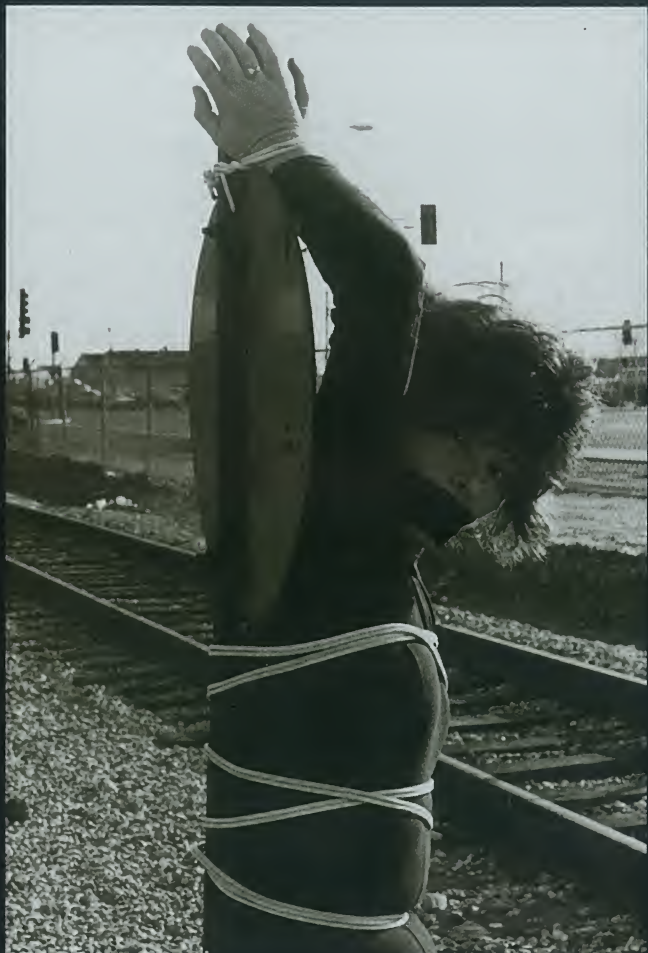
Okay — Everybody Sing ...

“DOWN BY THE STATION EARLY IN THE MORN’ ...”



“WHERE THE HELL’S THE 6:02?”

This absorbing sequence of Sharon Beacons waiting quietly for her train to come in was plotted out by Simone Devon, Harmony’s Mistress of Melodrama. It’s an inspired depiction, helped nicely along by Sharon’s sense of being miffed (“mmmpphhed?”). However she feels deep down inside, it looks to us like Sharon’s definitely on the right track.



TIELINES

Continued from Page 9

thrust out all the more. My face was burning under the straps. The tears were rising. Would that please or anger him? I was bound now, unable to help myself in any way, my breaths coming faster, and more unevenly. Bound." Whew! A quick shower, and we can continue Before we leave the subject of fiction, there is another author worth bringing up, even though he's been mentioned before in Tielines. When John Norman began the *Gor* series, it was pretty standard fare for early science fiction, straight out of the Edgar Rice Burroughs mold — earthman Tarl Cabot is whisked off to an alternate earth to face wild creatures and barbaric cultures. Along about the third or fourth book, he must have begun to realize that people were buying his books because of one particular element that set them apart — the concept that, on *Gor*, most of the women were slaves. As the series progressed, he began concentrating on this more and more. There are now well over a dozen books about *Gor*, and the more recent ones are pure erotic fantasy, with images of naked slave-girls in chains on every page. The copy on the fly leaf of *Kajira of Gor*, the story of an earthwoman abducted into Gorean slavery, indicates pretty well the new thrust of these stories: "I was thrust, in a sitting position, into the box. The ring at the back of the gag was snapped about a ring mounted at a matching height in the box. My head was thus held in place. For a moment the room seemed to go dark and then I gathered my wits again. My left wrist, to my horror, was fastened back and at my left side, by straps attached to a ring. My right wrist was then secured similarly. In moments both of my ankles, too, had been fastened in position. I fought to retain consciousness. Then I was thrust back further into the box. A broad leather strap was then drawn tightly about me. I winced. Then it was buckled shut. I could hardly move. I looked at the men, from the box. 'She is secured,' said one of the men. The man in charge nodded. 'Close the container,' he said. I was plunged into darkness." If naked slave-girls being dominated, made to wallow in aroused submission at the feet of their masters, being repeatedly captured, imperiled, rescued, recaptured, and ultimately finding happy fulfillment in slavery sounds like something you might en-

joy reading about, these books aren't hard to find. They are immensely popular, and are usually prominently displayed in the Sci-Fi/Fantasy section of most bookstores. We have just one little quibble with them — Mr. Norman seems to have begun to take the stuff just a bit too seriously. Women as slaves is a sweet fantasy, at least as popular among women as among men. But Mr. Norman has apparently convinced himself that it is a natural state of being and that the real world would

be a better place if all women were relegated to total subservience to their lords and masters, the male of the species. The books are full of allusions to this philosophy, and occasionally he gets up on a soapbox and goes on for a page or two about how wonderful it would all be. Kept in perspective, though, it's pretty heady stuff, and we recommend the *Gor* books as an enjoyable read if you can overlook the author's lobbying That last item leads us to an intriguing observa-



O SO CHIC — Here's one fashion statement that really does make a statement! This fashion trend toward collars and bracelets with rings on them is one that we hope will stay popular for a good long while. We find it excitingly suggestive in a "Story of O" sort of way, and think it may be a bold, 1980's way of celebrating the reclaiming of an aspect of sexuality that has been all but lost in recent years. In these latter days of the Womens' Rights movement, it is gratifying to know that some women can be secure enough in themselves to accept so openly that they have a submissive side as well.



tion. Has anyone noticed a connection between an interest in bondage and an interest in science fiction and fantasy? Certainly, not everyone who likes bondage is interested in sci-fi, or vice-versa, but the clues are sufficient to indicate a tendency. There is the success of the aforementioned Gor novels, as well as a pretty fair amount of bondage content in popular fantasy by other authors. There have been hints at various sci-fi conventions that we've attended that the fans are often not strangers to bondage innuendo. Looking at the question from the other side, there seem to be a number of bondage fans who have expressed an interest in sci-fi and fantasy. Kiri Kelly and her husband, who, as you'll discover when you read Kiri's interview, are very bondage-oriented, are also big on SF&F. Sarah Foster Tate is very active in Australian SF&F fan organizations, and Atreus, bondage fictionist Jeff Sinclair, and yours truly have all had more than a passing interest in the field. Does it all mean anything? Jeff Sinclair feels that both fields simply require an active imagination and a frame of mind that is willing to explore. Given these two qualities, a person is at least capable of enjoying both bondage and SF&F. We think that this is entirely true, but there must be something more. Bondage is basically, unless you've made it a way of life or it has been imposed on you, a fantasy. Our working theory is that, at least for those of us who have adopted bondage as a major sexual interest, it is the result of using the imagination to deal with whatever feelings of guilt may have been attached to our sexuality early in life. Science fiction is also a fantasy, and it, too, requires some degree of imagination to be enjoyed. Some would say it is the result of using the imagination to deal with a mundane and predictable world. Whatever the answer to the puzzle is, it is clear that the imagination is at the crux of both areas of interest, and it is the least-understood function the mind is capable of. As Freud may (or may not) have said with a disconsolate shrug, "Sometimes a banana is just a banana." As we at last draw near the tangled knot at the end of this long soliloquy, we find there is one last end to tuck in. What was the first bondage magazine ever produced by Harmony Communications? It was the 1976 Bondage Buyers' Guide. And with that profound revelation, we bid you a fond farewell. ■



THE LOVE BIND – That's the title of the article this editorial photo is supposed to illustrate. It's from *Cleo* magazine, an Australian publication for women, and no, it's not about bondage, it's about women who are afraid of commitment. It does look like the models had a bit more fun than they were intended to, however.

FOOTNOTES

By Eric Holman

“I’m not alone!”: That’s the triumphant message at the heart of so many letters Harmony receives. To discover that bondage is the focus of passion and meaning for an entire community frees us from isolation and empowers us. Isolated, frustrated, we spent too many years holding back so much of ourselves from friends and family, hesitant to share with them the surpassing excitement aroused in us by the image of a bound and gagged lover. But once we’ve made the breakthrough and understand that we belong to a sub-culture more populous than we ever imagined, our carefully nurtured fantasies no longer have to be hidden. If we’ve realized them on film or video, they can be shared with other bondagers, who are free to admire, criticize, or imitate. Or we can pour them out in a torrent of words charged with energy and emotion: Fiction, fact, fantasy – the distinctions blur because all convey the truth of our identities. And because we’re speaking the truth openly, we feel better about that identity, we cherish ourselves, and we grow. Yet discovery can take another form, one that’s more sharply personal. Taken by surprise, we may recognize in published images an uncanny similarity to fantasies we’d always believed were entirely private and unique. Fifteen years ago, I was overcome

by just such a sense of *deja vu* while leafing through an early House of Milan magazine (Knotty, Volume 2, Number 8, to be precise; Harmony hadn’t even been born yet!). How perfectly those six simple black and white photos mirrored what I thought could reflect in my mind’s eye only! Forthright and unfetishistic, they suggested, at least to me, that this intense little brunette was no model, just a pretty young woman surprised and trussed up in the course of a melodramatic game. Unglamorously garbed in white top and shorts, bound and gagged with towels – plus a few feet of rope linking her wrists and ankles – she knelt on the floor, barefoot and defiant. As she twisted back and forth in futile contest with her bonds, the soles and edges of her feet curved with maximal sensuous impact for those who care about such things (I was willing to bet this photographer did!). To achieve total congruence with my own mental creations, these pictures would have made room for a cool and lovely blonde cat burglar towering over her bound rival, but even incomplete satisfaction had its tantalizing rewards. After all, I already envied this unidentified bondager for bringing to life what had been only beautiful figments of the imagination for me; it was a relief to think that perfection, at least from my perspective, hadn’t been

accomplished quite yet. But far more important was the surge of pleasure I felt in knowing that someone else was producing a drama almost like mine in his (or her?) mental theater. It’s always good to know you’re not alone Nostalgia seems to be the theme this time around, so let’s advance backwards a few more years from 1973 to the late 60s, when even the House of Milan was nothing more than a small log cabin. In those days, if the words “bondage” and “magazine” mingled in the same sentence, chances are they referred to publications like Confidential Detective. Elsewhere in this edition of Bondage Life, more than a dozen garishly glorious Confidential bondage covers, their distasteful blurbs expunged, fairly blaze off the pages. If you were there to buy them hot off the stands 20 years ago, take this opportunity to relive your youth. If you arrived in the world too late to encounter them firsthand, discover for yourself the stuff of which dreams were made two decades ago. Who can resist those ardent, writhing damsels in distress – and minidress – especially the ones who also managed to get tied up with their shoes off? Just as detective mags were the primary source for bondage stills in the 60s, so television and the movies provided tantalizing visions of tied and gagged actresses emoting in the extra dimensions of motion and sound when specialized bondage film and video just didn’t exist. Allen Marburger and Carl McGuire have exhaustively documented the treasures of media bondage, bringing to light for us gems such as those Carl noted in BL 32’s Bound For Hollywood column. In one of the scenes, from a drive-in extravaganza entitled “Evil Town,” the otherwise immobilized Christie Houser used her bare toes to untie her companion in captivity, Noelle Harling. In the other, bound and gagged Gwen Pacey balanced on the tip of her stockinged toes during an episode of the TV series, “Friday the 13th.” Since you’ve undoubtedly devoured Bound For Hollywood when it first appeared, why am I regaling you with redundancies? Because barefoot bondage in the media has always been exceedingly rare, thus two examples reported one after the other became an occasion worth celebrating. Other than these, only a handful of for-instances come to mind: Pat Priest in the laughably horrible “Incredible Two-Headed Transplant,” the trio of Tina Carver, Jean Willes, and Charlotte Austin in the even more

stunningly ludicrous “Man Who Turned to Stone,” an unidentified but cute blonde bit-player in “Fanfare For A Death Scene,” Deborah Walley in the dim-witted horror spoof “Ghost In The Invisible Bikini,” and Nike Arrighi in “The Devil Rides Out.” No, we’re not forgetting Stephanie Beacham’s memorable hogtie at the hands of Marlon Brando in “The Nightcomers” – but Ms. Beacham wasn’t gagged (I forgot to mention that was one of the criteria for entries in this particular derby; also disqualified on these grounds was lovely Claudine Auger’s Bondage in “Thunderball”). Nor the exploits of Cheri Caffaro and company in the “Ginger” flicks, but they occupy a category all their own. For what it’s worth, all the ladies wore nightgowns for their big moments – except for the nameless starlet from “Fanfare,” who was arrayed, as best I can recall, in nothing but strategically-placed bubbles as she squirmed in a bathtub. It’s hardly surprising that most barefoot bound heroines have just been taken from their beds; the real find would be one who’s tied up fully dressed but shoeless. Have they ever been *any* of those? Thanks to the miracle of home video, we no longer need to depend on the whims of TV and movie scriptwriters to supply an occasional Good Scene on screen or tube. Bondage, barefoot or otherwise, is yours for the asking (well, almost) in a dazzling plethora of formats. Like the humorous melodrama “Tie Me, Tie You” (BF-12) in which Olivia Chase makes her eagerly-awaited video debut. Olivia visits Debra Lee for some bondage lessons, but before the evening’s over, both of these witty and pretty ladies are writhing in some ropework they didn’t expect, thanks to a dastardly escaped convict. Bound bare feet flash felicitously during memorable scenes such as Debra’s bathtub tie and Olivia’s delightful cloth-strip bed bondage. But then there’s also Debra’s prolonged struggling on the floor in a hogtie, and Olivia’s piquant squirming as, webbed with rope, she curls up in a chair, and both stars stretching out tape-gagged on a bed, and . . . Enough! “Tie Me, Tie You” is simply the best BF-video yet More from the past: A reliable informant about such matters notes that Blackhawk Films sells video versions of bondage-laden movie serials for \$39.95. For a free catalogue, write to Box 3990, Davenport, IA 52808; for credit card sales, the number to call is 1-800-826-2295. Wooden acting abounds in the serials,

but even the worst actors intoned with a flourish the magical words, “Tie her up!” Very much in the old-time movie tradition is “The Mystery House” (JD-6). Tiana Cambridge and Kiri Kelly have a ball portraying the sort of plucky heroines who take refuge in a darkened house to escape a sudden storm – the sort, that is, who disappear down shadowy corridors, only to reappear in bondage. Clad in T-shirts and jeans, the two intrepid lasses squirm barefoot on the wooden floor of a small, sinister room during an early scene. For the following scene, they’re bound back to back and the T-shirts have vanished (This is a mystery house, after all!). Oft-bondaged Tiana also goes shoeless for two sequences of the cleverly-plotted “Madame Zola’s Parlor” (HC-4). Surrounded by a three-paneled mirror, she kneels sweetly in lacy lingerie and bondage – the latter contributed by her inseparable pal Kiri. Creative Kiri takes charge later in the video by peeling off Tiana’s heels while that luscious lady, hogtied with black rubber strips, rolls on the floor. Wearing only panties, vocal and vibrant Tiana makes this the kind of bondage scene that anyone, regardless of footwear preference, will have a hard time forgetting. Like BF-12 and JD-6, HC-4 is available from Harmony for \$40 postpaid These rambling ruminations will conclude with a question from the philosophical New Yorker known as Crown; he’d like you to give him some answers. Asks Crown: “Why are you into bondage? Bondage, as you know, is actually a technique, one which can be applied to a variety of pursuits (That’s the core of its charm.). Most use it for sexual purposes, but I’m looking for those who have other reasons: hobby, fun, sport, relaxation, exercise, game, or even artistic expression. Of course, many of us probably have multiple motives; I personally enjoy bondage not only as a sexual practice, but also as an art form, and even as a subject for philosophic speculation. I have a theory or two, but I would appreciate hearing your candid opinions regarding the relationship of bondage to life, the universe, and everything. Who knows what we’ll find out about ourselves?” If you’d like to join Crown on his bold venture into the realm of the Big Questions, you can write him at P. O. Box 242, E. Rockaway, NY 11518-0242 Small Question Department: Why doesn’t Debra Lee wear toenail polish? Answer to follow in BL 34. ■



After enduring a month at the B&D Academy, then the harrowing experience of running the Big Race, Mariko and Courtney were ready for a little R&R . . . but now it's time for their graduation party, where R&R stands for ropes and revelations! The epic three-part tale concludes, with plenty of bondage, explanations, and just desserts for everyone!

B&D ACADEMY

CHAPTER FOUR

Graduation Blues

or,
You Call This A Party?

The Conclusion

By Snidely

A'gain Mariko was nude. Freshly bathed, scrubbed and brushed, she felt infinitely better, the incident in the hall with Courtney all but forgotten. What had happened on the track still haunted her, but she was a practical girl and knew she had to put it out of her mind until she had more time to examine it.

Her oriental handlers, or "the three stooges" as she had taken to calling them, were laying out the costume she was to wear to the post-race party. She had pleaded with them to allow her to dress herself just this once, but this was apparently too novel a concept for them to assimilate, and they had ignored her. Once again locked into the contraption they called a "dressing bench," she could only watch as white silk stockings were slid up her legs, then attached in place by a white industrial-looking garter. Mariko swallowed hard when a heavy white girdle was

wrapped about her middle. It seemed to contain real whale-bone, or something like it, and as they began lacing her into it the unnatural hourglass shape of it began to mold her body unmercifully into that same awesome shape. Her waist became more and more compressed until soon she was reduced to the absurd dimensions of a cartoon character. She felt like Betty Boop! She stared, wide-eyed, at the narrow column her waist had become, then at the stooges, who were still lacing, tugging for all they were worth at the long lacings and giggling. Mariko fought down a moment of panic as it seemed she could no longer breathe. Her face and breasts became flushed for a moment, but soon, by pure willpower, she was able to calm herself and control her breathing. The breaths she was allowed were shallow, but were sufficient so long as she didn't become excited. Now she knew why the ladies from around the turn of the century were so prone to fainting!

Now the stooges were loosening the twist-clamps that held the metal arms attached to her ankles. Suddenly the arms swung freely outward and up, until Mariko was hanging in space by her wrists and ankles, her legs spread wide, her hips much higher than her head. Again her face was suffused with red, not so much because it was now the lowest part of her body as because of the indignity of the pose — the most humiliating posture a woman can assume, and even though she had dangled like this more than a dozen times in the past month, it never lost its potency for her. The stooges left her like that, tidying up the dressing room and laying out the final items of her costume, ignoring her splayed nakedness completely.

Some time later the door opened, a woman entered briskly. Even from her upside-down point of view, Mariko recognized her immediately as the dark-haired beauty who had been Courtney's jockey during the big race that afternoon. She set the case she was carrying, the make-up lady's oversized make-up case, on the dressing table and turned to Mariko.

"Congratulations," she said, her eyes traveling appreciatively over the view so blatantly offered. "You ran quite a race today. You're a big winner."

"What do I win?" Mariko asked before she could stop herself.

The woman looked at her sidelong for a moment. "What you win is the pleasure of not being punished for losing. A pleasure I'm afraid your friend hasn't enjoyed."

This answer subdued Mariko considerably as she remembered the last time she had seen this woman, disappearing behind a locked door with Courtney.

"I think we've gotten off to a bad start," Mariko said finally, determined to maintain some element of dignity in spite of her position. "I'm not usually so flip. My name is Mariko Aniko. I'm afraid I don't know your name though."

The woman casually stepped over to her so that, looking up the length of her body, Mariko could see her smiling face framed between her open thighs. Nonchalantly, the woman's hand came up to gently stroke the delicate pink treasure that Mariko's position bull's-eyed so blatantly.

"You can call me Ma'am," she said softly. "You know, as in 'Yes, Ma'am' and 'No, Ma'am' . . . understand?"

"Yes Ma'am!" Mariko gasped, the woman's casual, almost absent-minded touch sending sky-rockets of pleasure through her often-teased but never fulfilled body.

"My, my," said Ma'am appreciatively, "aren't we the responsive one! I've barely touched you, and you're opening up like a flower in the sunshine! I think you're really going to like what I've got for you . . ."

As she stepped away, Mariko shuddered, her rose-tinged face buried in her shoulder, her humiliation overpowering her. A moment later she felt a strap being buckled about her waist, then the cool, grabby smoothness of rubber being slowly, carefully stretched upward between her bottom-cheeks. The rubber strap closed tautly over her slick, open petals, flattening them beneath its tension as the end of it was snapped in place to the front of the belt at her waist. Then, just as Mariko was adjusting to the sensation, the rubber strap was pulled apart. As it was stretched laterally, it became evident that it was split down the center, and as Ma'am snapped it in place where the belt met her hips on both sides, it opened, its two sides pulling her lips wide apart and pinning them in place.

Mariko twisted fretfully in her bonds. This was even worse! Now, not only was she spread wide, she was opened as well, and the cool air of the room moved gently against a part of her that had never felt air before. But Ma'am still wasn't finished! Now another attachment was being snapped in place on top of the rubber one, and suddenly Mariko felt the delicate touch of soft fur against that most tender of places . . .

"There now," Ma'am said as she stepped away. "That should do it. I just wanted to make sure you enjoyed tonight's party as much as you should." She snapped her fingers, and the three stooges resumed their task of dressing Mariko.

Rightside-up once more, she was quickly fitted with a series of petticoats, an old-fashioned pair of lace-up boots, a high-piled braided and bowed wig (which she was sure looked absolutely ridiculous with her clearly Asian skin and features), and a stunning blue-and-white satin eighteenth-century style dress. Between the dress and the corset underneath it, Mariko was apparently blessed with more cleavage than she had ever thought of having before. As she marvelled at this, her hands were efficiently drawn behind her, fitted with elbow-length blue satin gloves, and then strapped tightly together at the wrists with a blue plastic strap that all but disappeared against the material of the gloves. Over this was wrapped a fat, hairy length of hemp rope, tied loosely. To the casual observer, she realized, it would look as though she were only pretending to be bound, while in actuality she was quite helpless. Finally, a big foam-rubber ball was stuffed in her mouth, filling it completely. Her lips were sealed shut with a piece of adhesive tape, and then a broad linen gag was tied around her head, hiding the tape and again creating the illusion that her gag was more for show than function.

Released from the dressing bench at last, she was led out into the hall by Ma'am. Courtney was waiting there, dressed in a costume just like Mariko's except that it was in red and white. She stood tied to a ring on the wall by a length of thick hemp looped tightly around her waist. Ma'am now untied the hemp from the wall and looped it around Mariko's exaggeratedly slender waist, then, taking the long free end in hand, she led the two girls off down the hall like a matching pair of poodles on a single leash.

It was by far the strangest party they had ever seen. There seemed to be well over a hundred people filling the four adjoining rooms, people of every imaginable shape, size, color and persuasion. There were gorilla suits, business suits, suits of armor and birthday suits adorned with grotesquely large rubber genitalia. There were people in leather, in silk, in spandex and every other material that

Continued on Page 51

Parodying The Past

Simone's Section

Three times now — in *Bondage Lives* 29, 30 and 32 — Simone has stunningly re-created long-ago Irving Klaw and John Willie bondage scenes.

As a change of pace, we asked her this time to duplicate some of Harmony's own early scenes.

So she gathered up ascendant bondage stars Sharon Beacon (this decade's Betty Page?) and Ashley Rene (inarguably 1988's *Bondage Rookie of the Year*) and set off to do our bidding.

And, Simone satisfied that bidding of ours ever so well.

Bondage's Boswell Echoes The Early Harmony



MARIA TORTUGA - 1982
Bondage Photo Treasures 3,
page 7



ASHLEY RENE - 1988



SHARON BEACON - 1988



JENNIFER WEST - 1979
"The Jennifer West Bondage
Photo Book 1," pages 37 & 38



ASHLEY RENE - 1988



MARIA TORTUGA - 1983 Bondage Parade 8, page 10



SHARON BEACON - 1988



ANNIE HARRIS - 1978 Bondage Life 3, page 8



SHARON BEACON - 1988



JENNIFER WEST - 1979 "Long Day's Bondage for Jennifer," pages 42 & 43



Getting Candid with Kiri



*She's strikingly sexy.
She's shockingly honest.
She's daringly outrageous.
And that's only a first
impression.*

She dazzled us with her spectacular suspensions and daring outdoor tie-ups when she starred in the history-making two-part bondage magazine adventure, "The Perils of Topanga Tess." She inspired us with her simmering sexuality in the several bondage videos that she's done. No one with a single hormone in their body could watch JD-3, Kiri's solo bondage video, and remain unaffected.

Who is this woman? Why is she so convincing, and so willing to endure such extreme and rigorous bondages? What makes a woman like this tick?

We'd like you to meet Kiri Kelly, a very unusual sort of person. One of the first things you realize about her is that she's completely real — she plays no games, she minces no words. She presents herself with a disarming openness and frank honesty that endears her to you instantly. Her only deception is an unintentional one — you don't realize at first that beneath her wholesome, earnest exterior there is a great deal of depth. Kiri is thoughtful and perceptive, as you will discover as you read this interview. She really understands the nature of bondage's appeal, the motivations behind our desires. Kiri is also very spiritual. She believes in the powers of the mind and the immortality of the spirit. She knows without a doubt that she will live again and again, and that the purpose of each lifetime is to live and learn, to gather as much experience as she can. This, she says, is what allows her to be so daring.

Kiri is a woman who chooses her own road through life, whether there is actually a road there or not. She smiles understandingly while other women blush scarlet and slide under the table. When she gets her picture on the cover of a popular bondage magazine, she can't wait to show it to her friends, her mother, her boyfriend's mother, his grandmother . . .

Having said all that, it's time we introduced you to the woman herself. Harmony readers, meet Kiri Kelly, bondage superstar.

— As interviewed by Brian Tarsis

QA

Q: First question, Kiri. What are you doing here? Why are you a bondage model and not something else?

A: You know the answer to that one.

Q: Sure, but go ahead and say it, it's a good way to start the interview.

A: I like to be tied up!

Q: Now there's a statement. Not very many people can admit that.

A: I love it! I'm acting out so many of my fantasies being a bondage model! When you come right down to it, I guess that's why I do it — for my own personal satisfaction. I work a regular job every day, but it's not fulfilling for me. I'm always longing for the next bondage shoot. I had to wait a long time for this last one . . . It's thrilling for me. For several reasons. I like the feeling of submission . . . of being helpless and under someone else's control. And I feel attractive and sexy in bondage too. I like the feel of the ropes . . . In all my fantasies I'm being chased, I'm being caught, I'm being held captive. So I like to fight against the ropes. I enjoy the feel of them, to feel myself being restrained. But I also enjoy imagining what I look like, seeing myself from the other person's point of view. I guess I'm a voyeur, as well. I like to watch bondage, even if it's not me. Sometimes when I'm tied up, I'll pull back and imagine what the scene would look like to a third person. That turns me on, too. But those aren't the only reasons. It's not just the acting out of my fantasies, the being tied up. I like the modeling, expressing myself as a model. It's creative, and I need that.

Q: Is that one of the reasons you became a bondage model?

A: Oh, yes. I've wanted to be a model since I was a kid. Modeling, acting, dancing, painting, anything creative. Writing. Singing. Playing piano. Guitar. They're all aspects of being creative, and I need that in my life. And that's one of the things I like about modeling. Helping to set up the scenarios, the attitudes of the characters I play. Being a part of the creative process, that's what I like. Sometimes as a model you have no control over that, they tell you what to do and you do it. But when I work with JayDee I offer a lot of input. Quite a few of the ideas that go into our pictures and videos are mine. When I work with them, more of *me* shows in the result.

Q: They give you that artistic freedom you were talking about?

A: Yes, we work well together, we collaborate perfectly. When we create something, it's a little bit of all of us.

Q: When you started working on Topanga Tess, a lot of the ideas were yours?

A: Oh, yeah. When we first went out to Topanga Canyon, I already had a lot of things in mind. I ran around going "Tie me over here! Tie me to this! Suspend me from that tree!" I must have driven them nuts. When we did the

suspensions I kept wanting them to hoist me up higher, but they were being careful. I like being suspended! It's exciting. If I'd had my way, we'd have done more of them, but it's a strain on them as well as on me . . . the responsibility for my safety and all that.

Q: How did you first get involved in modeling?

A: I saw an ad in the paper. It turned out to be a company that does spanking magazines. I did a shoot for them, and when they saw how much I liked being spanked they sent me to another company that does spanking videos. There I met a girl who worked at a bondage and discipline club in Hollywood. I worked there for awhile. Eventually I met Simone Devon. She introduced me to Harmony. Then I met JayDee, and I've just been a happy little bondage model ever since!

Q: Well, Harmony is certainly glad



to have you!

A: Thanks. I've never been happier. It's the work I'm proudest of. And the work I enjoy the most, by far.

Q: What was it like being spanked by professionals?

A: It was sort of funny, that first shoot for the spanking magazine. We were doing the shoot, and they wanted to put rouge on my buns so it looked like I'd been spanked. I said, "Do we have to?" I was so disappointed! When they found out I'd rather have the real thing, they said okay. So we did, and I had the time of my life! They were pretty amazed, and they told me if I really liked it that much that I should do videos. They recommended me to a reputable company that does spanking videos, and I've been working for them fairly regularly ever since.

Q: They really spank you, then?

Nothing simulated?

A: Oh no, it's real! It smarts for a while, but I have a lot of fun every time.

Q: Does being spanked fit together with bondage for you?

A: Oh, yes! In my fantasies, I almost always get spanked, at least! Once I'm tied down, something has to happen to me, and I want it to be a *lot*! I want the whole range of sensation, from light touches to caresses, to tickling, to pinches. I like being spanked. In that context, it's not in the "pain" category, it's just an extreme sensation. If I'm in the right frame of mind, it doesn't hurt at all to be spanked.

Q: Often, in the media, submissive women who like to be punished are depicted as limp, slavish, lacklustre people with low self-esteem. People who don't know what they want or care what happens to

them. You certainly belie that image! You're vital, vibrant, and seem full of the joy of life. Exuberant is a good word. And for a submissive, you seem to know exactly what you want.

A: (laughter) I just know what I like, and I'm not afraid to go where I can get it. I don't know anyone who fits that stereotype you described. In fact, it seems to go the opposite way around. I found while I was working at the bondage and discipline club in Hollywood that it was mostly the stronger personalities that craved to be submissive. Corporate executives would come in, guys who carry more responsibility in their daily life than anyone, and they want to be completely controlled, they're looking for total submission in their sexual fantasies. It's like ying and yang.

Q: What was it like working at the bondage and discipline club?

A: It had its good and bad moments. I played games with and got tied up by a lot of different people. Sometimes what they wanted to do didn't quite fit in with my own fantasies, and I didn't enjoy it as much. But there were some experiences there that I wouldn't trade for anything! I often found myself with someone that I wouldn't have had a romantic relationship with, experiencing things I normally would never have experienced. And I loved working for Mistress S.! With her, bondage is a real art. She's excellent! There were several really fantastic masters and mistresses there, and I lived out many of my innermost fantasies with them.

Q: When you live out an innermost fantasy, do you find that it loses its power to excite you?

A: No. If it's a basic instinct, if it's a turn-on for me, it will always be exciting. Having experienced it, I can either relive the memory, or I can take the same elements and fantasize them in a new way, with different people.

Q: What is your earliest memory concerning bondage?

A: I had fantasies long before any other memories. Fantasies when I was very young of being kidnapped, tied down, and made to experience all sorts of . . . things. I'd be told, "You must experience this, and you cannot have an orgasm for at least 20 minutes."

Q: You knew what an orgasm was at that age, or is that part something that came later?

A: I don't think so. I knew there was something . . . it was vague. "You cannot do . . . this. You cannot feel . . . this."

Q: It was the restriction of being kept from something . . .

A: Yes. Yes . . .

Q: Where do you think these impressions came from? TV maybe?

A: Maybe. I don't know. I just found my mind wandering to these things before I went to sleep at night. I know some things I saw on TV spurred my fantasies. I remember a scene in some movie where there was a girl in a dungeon or basement or something, and she had her hands tied above her head and was being whipped . . . it blew me away. Things like that stayed in my head and were added into my fantasies later. But really, I think my own thoughts came first. They were just embellished by the things I saw.

Q: What about your first actual bondage experience?

A: That didn't come til much later. I had to fantasize a looooooonng time before I got to experience anything! I think I was almost 20 when I had my first real experience.

Q: Would you like to tell us about it?

A: Well . . . It was my very first fiance. He didn't last very long. I did let him know about my fantasies, and we tried . . .

Q: It was your idea, not his?

A: Oh, yes! He'd hardly even kissed a girl before he met me. Maybe once, I think he said. I taught him a lot. Actually, I guess the first three major relationships that I had with men I was the one who brought up the subject of bondage and worked it into our relationship. We did experience it, but . . .

Q: It didn't have that much impact?

A: They weren't into it like I was. They'd go through the motions, and get into it to a degree, but it wasn't their natural inclination.

Q: So when did it finally click for you? Would you like to tell us about your first really good experience?

A: The first time it really hit my soul, I guess, was when I met a guy . . . he was a guitar player in my best girlfriend's band. When I met him it was obvious that he was very dominant. My basic nature is submissive . . . it was instant magnetism. We explored that for awhile. It worked because we were both so genuine in our roles. Neither of us was *trying* to please the other, *trying* to get into it. It was natural for us, and it was the first time either of us had had a chance to be with a true submissive or a true dominant. There were a lot of new experiences for me.

Q: You used ropes and gags?

A: And . . . all sorts of fun things.

Q: The first time?

A: The *first* time, I surprised him and tied *him* down. Then after that it was always me who got tied up. But my tying him was what got us started. There was some small part of him that was submissive. just like I have a slight dominant side . . .

Q: That seems to be the way it is for most of us. Yin and yang again.

A: Yeah. It helps us to understand the other's point of view.

Q: When someone is tying you up, is it important to you whether it's a man or a woman?

A: I can't say I would prefer one over the other. It is different, but I think it's nice to have the variety. I guess the biggest difference is that I envision a male as always being the master. With

a woman, or mistress, I can be submissive to her, but I can also see myself being dominant over her.

Q: You have dominated men, though, haven't you?

A: Oh, sure, I have and I can, but it doesn't come as naturally. It doesn't feel like a part of my nature. My perfect fantasy situation would be to be a slave to a master and at the same time to be a mistress to another one of his slaves. That way I could play both roles. It wouldn't really have to be a male master, though, it could be a mistress. We could just trade positions now and then . . .

Q: Blow the whistle and switch!

A: Sure! But ideally I'd like to be Number One Slave, and have my own handmaiden. That'd be the best of both worlds for me. I really think I could live like that, at least for a while.

Q: You, more than anyone we've ever met, seem capable of crossing that line between fantasy and reality.

A: Every chance I get! That's what being a bondage model is all about for me. I get to live roles, be people, do things that I never could in real life. In bondage games at home with my lover, I never get suspended from trees or anything. In Love Bondage we don't often explore wild new positions — I have my favorites, and we go with them.

Q: What is your favorite position?

A: Spread eagled, naked, blindfolded. That's my all-time favorite. *By far!* That's the way you can experience the most sensations. If you're blindfolded, you experience more than when you can see. All your nerve endings are standing at attention, saying, "What's going to happen to me? *Where* am I going to be touched? *How* am I going to be touched?" And when I'm naked and spread eagled, that's when I'm the most accessible. Any part of my body can be touched! That's why I like it. There are other positions in which certain parts of me are more exposed . . . I like having my arms tied behind me, my elbows touching, because it makes my breasts feel so exposed. I like being bent over because . . . well, you get the idea. But as a viewer, when I see someone spread eagled, their body stretched out, what I see is most of their body made available for my touch.

Q: So when you're tied up, you relate more to what can be done to you than how it looks or feels?

A: No, I can't say I relate more to one aspect of the experience than another.

When I'm tied up, I'm conscious of three points of view: my own, as the one tied, that of the one who's tied me and is there doing things to me, and that third person, the voyeur who sees the whole scene together. It's very complex.

Q: Do you ever think about the impact your bondage photos will have on people who see them?

A: Oh, yes. I'm happy and proud to be able to make an impact on others with my pictures. I'm hoping, of course, that it'll always be a positive impact. But I think of scenes that have had an impact on me. For instance, this last Halloween I was at a costume ball. An erotic costume ball, and there was a group of people at a table in front of me. They were dressed as Sir Stephan and two of his slaves. They were dressed just like "O" was dressed in the party scene in the movie "The Story of



O." These two beautiful blonde women wore masks and cloaks, with nothing underneath them but G-strings. They sat just as "O" was made to sit, pulling the cloak up so their bare skin touched the chairs. The man had leashes attached to their collars, gold chain leashes which he held. Unless he released them to dance with each other. They were only allowed to dance with each other, or to pose for pictures. They weren't allowed to speak. They could only hand out cards. I sat and watched them the entire night! It was like my own fantasy happening right in front of my eyes. I was enthralled, I hardly noticed anyone else the whole night. And seeing that has added to my own fantasies. All I have to do is remember that, and it spurs so many fantasies for me — that's what I hope to be able to do for other people with the work that I do

for Harmony. I like to think that people will be able to see the videos, read the magazines, and that the images they see will add fuel to their own fantasies.

Q: You've played Topanga Tess through two magazine adventures, and there are a couple of videos in the works. How do you feel about Tess? Is she someone you can identify with?

A: I love her! She reminds me a lot of me. Actually, I guess she *is* me! The way the photo-adventure came about, we went out and shot the pictures, then you wrote the story around them. It was me in the pictures, my attitude being projected, and the character was based on that. She's adventurous yet feminine and naive. I remember that when we were going out to shoot those pictures, I was the one walking in the lead, blazing the trail... it's a natural part of my personality to be that strong character. The adventuresome one, the one who'll take on anything. Yet when I'm tied up, I enjoy the naivete, the meekness and the "Oh, help, what will they do to me?" attitude that happens when I'm tied up. There are two sides to Topanga Tess, and they're the two sides of me.

Q: You'd have to be pretty adventurous to go get yourself tied up in the wilds of Topanga Canyon. Especially the nude scene.

A: I'm very adventurous. The more exciting and daring the better for me. I'm a thrill-seeker. When I went to the Grand Canyon with my lover, we found a spot where it was a sheer drop — it must have been over a mile down. I grabbed my belt and said, "Here, tie me up with this! Take my picture!" I sat right on the edge and he took my picture. I had my hands tied behind me and my legs dangling over the edge, and it was so exciting! Someday I'd like to be tied, naked, to the wing of a biplane and go flying. That's my fantasy. I mean, I'd have to be secure. I'd have to have confidence in the people who tied me, and in the pilot. I just want to be thrilled, not killed! Don't get me wrong. It would only be fun if I knew I was safe.

Q: You were born into the wrong generation. A few years earlier and you could have been the star of "The Perils of Pauline." Before the age of stunt people and special effects.

A: It'd be a little hard to organize nowadays, I guess. I don't even know anyone with a biplane, let alone someone willing to tie me naked to one.

Q: Here's a question that we've been dying to ask. With all the exciting things you've done, what has been your wildest experience?

A: (laughter) I can't tell you about that! But I can tell you about the most fun I've ever had in bondage. It was during the making of Topanga Tess. I think the pictures were used in the first book, toward the end. Michael Keye and I were suspended upside-down by our ankles, with our hands tied behind our backs. It was a good thing we were gagged, because for the first ten minutes or so we couldn't stop giggling! We were having so much fun, it was so wild to be hanging upside-down, tied up like that. We both had a great time.

Q: We could go on like this for days, but there's only so much room in BL. Is there anything you want to say to the world? At least to the readers of Bondage Life?

A: My wish, my hope is that while I'm here, doing what I enjoy doing, living my fantasies and having them captured on film, that others will see these pictures; people who are living a very straight and, quote, "normal" existence, and that they will realize that there is so much more to life to experience. If they can stop being afraid, forget their fears, and try some new things. Maybe not just bondage, but anything. If they could say, hey, I'm going to experience this and judge it afterward, they may discover hidden desires within themselves that they had no idea they had. They may have thought that bondage would be a restriction, a loss of freedom; they'll discover that it's not, it's a release... if only they'll try. There's a song by the group "Heart," with a line that goes, "Hold me down and let me go." It's so true! Hold me down, bind me down, and that opens up my freedom. It frees me to relax and just experience. It's a release from self-consciousness, from responsibility. That's what I'd like to put across, that's my message.

Q: Thank you, Kiri.

Kiri now lives in Arizona, in a small cabin in the woods which she shares with her husband and her cats, Jasmine, Ashley, Shadow and Wickett. Her bedroom overlooks a mountain stream and the trees grow wild and tall all around. Is this retirement? Is she dropping out of the bondage game? "Of course not," she says with a twinkle in her eye. "You'll be seeing plenty more of me. I've still got about a million ideas I haven't done yet."

RUBBER MAID HOME SERVICES, INC.



That's what the plain little business card said. Giles thumbed the already-frayed edge nervously, checking his watch for the fiftieth time. He still couldn't help thinking it was too good to be true. He'd called the phone number on the card, and the sultry voice on the line had assured him that the service was exactly what it sounded like. Enticing phrases still lingered in his mind from that conversation, phrases like "strict housework" and "squeaky clean." If Rubber Maid was actually some sort of scam, he'd fallen for it hook, line and credit card number, and now here he sat, awaiting the first visit.

The clock on the wall chimed, and as if on cue, the doorbell rang. Prompt, he recalled as he rose to answer the door, had been another word the woman on the phone had used. Holding his breath, he opened the door.

There, standing in the hall, was a vision in black mac and rubber boots, an image seemingly lifted intact straight out of his fantasies. She smiled, and he realized he had been gaping.

"Mr. Bencourt?" she asked, her voice soft and low.

"Yes..." he said, his mind whirling.

"My name is Cara. I'm your rubber maid." She opened her coat wide before his startled eyes. Her lush body was encased in a black latex rubber dress, so tight it seemed to have been vacu-formed directly onto her breath-taking torso.

An eon passed, ending when Giles realized he had been forgetting to breathe. Regathering his scattered wits, he asked her inside. Even when she was sitting at his table he found it hard to believe that she was a living, flesh-and-blood woman. All his life there had been a very real, very definite line between fantasy and reality. Now, suddenly, this incredible woman had casually strode across that line, and now he found himself afraid to speak. If too much was said, he feared she might slip completely into the mundane world of appointment schedules, hands-off rules, rubber-rashes, medical check-ups and big boyfriends waiting in cars. She might not even do windows. To avoid, or at least postpone any such infringement of reality, he offered her a glass of champagne, which she accepted. After a long, grateful silence, Cara picked up her



case and set it on the table.

"You're very gracious, Mr. Bencourt," she said pleasantly, opening the catches.

"Call me Giles," he said quickly, automatically.

"Oh, I'd never, Mr. Bencourt!" she responded. "A maid must show a certain degree of respect."

He was distracted from any response he might have made to this when she opened her case. He wasn't sure what he'd expected it to contain, maybe cleanser and squeegees, but he certainly hadn't been prepared for the cornucopia of delights that greeted his eyes.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Bencourt, I'll go ahead and gag myself and start work." She brought forth two gags, an inflatable rubber bulb and a ballgag on a strap.

"What?" Giles stammered, taken by surprise.

"My gag," Carla smiled. "I usually work gagged, at least. Which one would you prefer to see me in?"

"They are all very nice . . ."

"Something in rubber, perhaps?" she offered, making it easy for him.

"Yes," he said, nodding. "Rubber would be nice."

She produced a smooth red rubber ball and popped it in her mouth, then stretched a black rubber gag neatly about her head, covering her face from her chin to just below her nose and effectively securing the ball in her mouth. Then she pulled forth a white latex apron and tied it about her waist, looking at Giles seductively. Then, taking out a feather duster, she began dusting the apartment.

Giles sat watching, fascinated, enthralled, unable to take his eyes from the gleaming black figure moving seductively about the room. Every now and then she'd turn and meet his gaze for a moment, her eyes sometimes dancing to the case on the table before going back to her dusting. After awhile Giles realized that there must be some significance to this, and spared a glance for the case beside him. Noticing the assortment of cuffs, chains and rope that lay neatly inside, he suddenly recalled her statement that she "... usually worked gagged, at least."

Holding a length of rope in each hand, he scrutinized his busy rubber maid again, a new light in his eye. When he stood and approached her, she stopped her dusting and straightened up, her eyes smiling over her gag. Without waiting to be asked, she



set down her duster and turned around, offering him her crossed wrists behind her to be bound.

Giles had intended to bind her only a little, perhaps enough to hamper her a bit as she went about her duties. Once he got started, though, the cleaning of his apartment became less and less important, and soon the tight white ropes criss-crossed her gleaming black body, stark and beautiful against the rubber, her legs and ankles securely wrapped and cinched as well. She was now completely incapable of fulfilling her domestic duties, but Giles had long since decided to clean his own apartment later on.

The phone rang. Giles recognized the sultry voice on the line immediately.

"Have you found the maid we sent you to your liking, Mr. Bencourt?" the voice asked.

"I find her entirely satisfactory," he said, his voice slightly hoarse.

"Is she there?"

"Well, yes," he hedged, the heat in his eye clouding slightly with guilt. "She's here, but she's sort of . . ."

"Tied up?" the woman's voice offered helpfully.

"Exactly," he agreed, relieved.

"That usually happens," the voice said pleasantly. "I'll just remind you then that you must remember to let her go promptly at one o'clock. Thank you, and I do hope that you will continue to use our service on a regular basis from now on."

"I think you can count on that," Giles Bencourt said as he surveyed his tightly bound rubber maid from across the room. ■

This unique fantasy-come-to-life was created by Atreus and Sarah Foster Tate, Australia's dynamic duo of bondage. They are an amazing pair, and their dedication to furthering the cause of Love Bondage has remained unflagging over the years. Sarah herself, as you may know, is more than just a breathtakingly beautiful woman, she is a sensitive and intellectual proponent of Love Bondage, whose contributions have been many and important. If you are interested in seeing more of her, she has no less than nine bondage magazines (SFT-1 through 9) in print and available from Harmony's mail-order department, and four videos (B-16, B-24, B-30 and B-48). She and Atreus are also available for direct correspondence, and can be reached at: Villa Atreus, P.O. Box 241, Gladesville, NSW, AUSTRALIA, 2111.

THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good, safe and comforting even.* He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a

feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soulmates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



Justice vs Sagebrush Sally



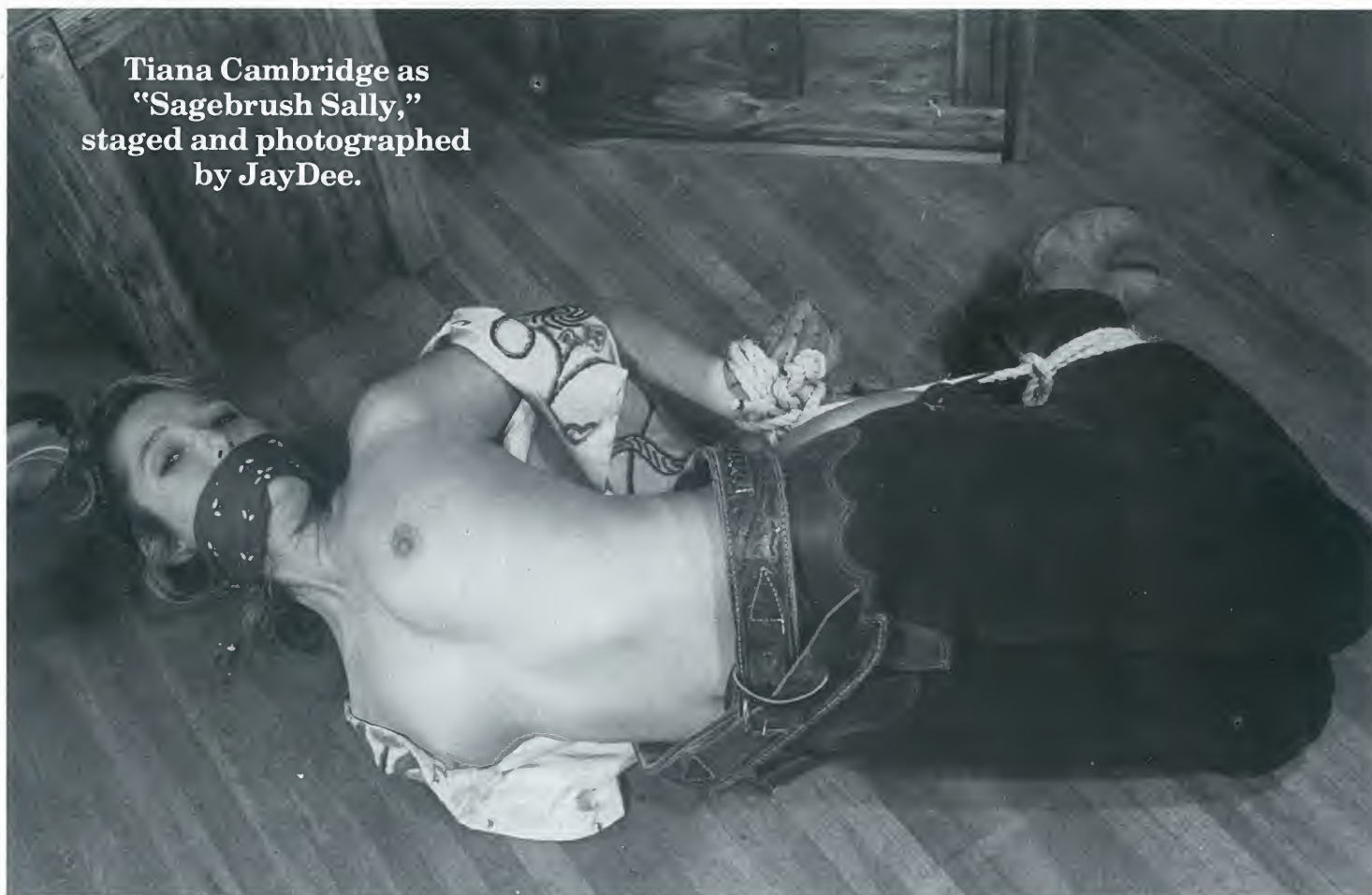
We'll never fergit 'er. She came in and stuck up the bank one day, purty as ya please, and me an' my deputy got the drop on 'er. Didn't have no handcuffs with us, so we tied her up fer the walk over to the jailhouse. I think she kinda liked it. When we got there, we took a vote an' decided she was way too cute to put back in the cell with "Snake" Calhoun and "Barfbag" Billy, so we kept 'er up in the office with us. Had to tie 'er up, o' course . . .

She was real sweet, never complained or nothin', not even about the grub. By the time the circuit judge came around, we was such good friends we let her git away. Funny thing, I never did remember to ask her how come she rides with no pants on . . .



SAGEBRUSH SALLY
WAITIN' FER THE
CIRCUIT JUDGE





Tiana Cambridge as
"Sagebrush Sally,"
staged and photographed
by JayDee.



She may be a thievin'
bank-robbin' bandit, but
anyone who makes a
remark about Sagebrush
Sally's honor in these
parts better be ready ta
slap some leather.

By The People

Continued from Page 14

"MONIKA" BOUND AND GAGGED IN GERMANY



Dear Sir:

Just a short note to let you know how much I enjoyed the B-19 video. The bondage was really superb – about the best I've seen so far.

Also, I greatly appreciate your very fast service and am looking forward to doing more business with you in the future. Keep up the good work and thanks again.

Sincerely,
W.E.W.

Dear Bondage Life,

Hello. I'm Patricia, aged 34, an Aussie married to an Englishman who likes to tie me up in rubber. I've learned that it's a pretty common fetish in Britain – to enjoy ladies bound and gagged in rubber rain-wear. John's a confirmed Anglophile; he's had letters in "Atomage," "Smooth," "The Rubberist," and "Shiny," though those magazines don't seem to feature bondage very much, which is what John likes. He wonders if you get many requests for ladies (wives, girlfriends, models) tied up in rubber and rain-wear. I know John would love to see some, once in a while.

The weather's not the best for it here, but I'm often John's captive in rubber. We go on drives and bush walks, and go angling, with me in rubber macs and rubber wellingtons or long rubber angler's hipboots or thighboots, often in latex bathing caps and rubber gloves. For drives and drive-ins, he ties me with electrical flex and lengths of bicycle inner tube, good and tight, and carries me to the car. I'm gagged with rubber tube too, so I can't do more than gurgle. For drive-ins, he keeps the bathing cap and gag (sometimes a ball-gag and inner tube tied over) till we're parked (front and side rather than at the back – we know how not to be found) then puts them on me. Usually my arms are already bound with tube and flex when we arrive, and my legs and feet done. I get curious looks in my shiny raincoat on the warmest nights (with my arms behind me I think I look tied up) but the attendants can't see what I'm wearing so it doesn't matter. I figure they must get lots of odd couples. In place, John checks the surroundings; when our eyes are properly nightsighted he gets out the cap and caps me, then the gagging implements, and does my mouth. We watch the picture for a little while (he gets on his raincoat and rubber gloves; he's already wearing rubber wellingtons), then he slips his hands in under my mac and the sexual play

starts. We've had some times at the office too when I've been working back alone. I keep a mac and rubber rainboots in my locker; John will phone or stop by and I'll put them on. No one else knows I have them there – I keep them solely for his office visits. He's bound my hands and arms to my sides with Scotch tape, and Scotch-taped my mouth and jaws, then made love on the desk, on the carpet and furniture in front of the reception area (right in front of the elevator doors), me over one of the seats, bent back, bent over, bent down, bound and gagged, very shiny in my rubber under the fluorescent lighting. John is normally so composed, but he gets really steamy during an office session – it's so outrageous! One time I put on the blue rubber gloves we found in the cleaning lady's trolley and replaced them later, just so we could know they had been used in a way she would never dream. The angling I really like. We're off the beaten track in his four-wheel drive and John can indulge his fantasies to the full. I'm in black rubber angling-wear from morning to night and sometimes all night as well, strapped up and gagged in a bunk or sleeping bag. First there's my Slimwear latex bodysuit (with zipper at the crotch), my hip-length rubber anglerboots, my belted mac and long rubber gloves, a latex hood *plus* bathing cap *plus* a sou'wester and usually always a gag, made of rubber too, tube or latex, or a ball-gag on a strap.

STARKLY LOVELY Simple but very appealing bondage by Clem



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He walks me round on a lead; we make love on the grass, the sand, the rocks. He videotapes us making love while I'm tied up, my hipboots spread wide or round his back. We've nearly been caught once, but fortunately he had time to tuck me out of sight in the back of the four-wheel drive, fully bound and gagged (he'd been planning to sit me up on the tailgate and enter me that way, though he hadn't yet untied my feet) in my hipboots and mac, gloves and sou'wester. John got quite a lot of curious looks from the carload of hikers passing by – it was a sunny day and here he was all in hipboots and heavy rubber mac, gloves and sou'wester, with not a fishing rod in sight. He had the sang-froid to wave and look as if he was busy; the car soon disappeared into the bush. John came back and freed my legs but instead of untying me he finished off what he started; he drew me onto the tailgate and began while I squealed and wriggled, afraid that the hikers would come back! The best, worst, most wonderful, most terrifying orgasms I've ever had – helpless in bright sunshine, bound and gagged in rubber angling wear, being taken by my husband!

We are going to try and do a photo for you soon – me tied up in that particular outfit, with or without John but definitely bound and gagged for you and your readers.

Sincerely,
M. K., the "Aussie Angler"

Continued on Page 66

OUT OF THE PICTURE (BUT NOT OUT OF OUR HEARTS)

WHATEVER BECAME OF

"ROBIN"



"L" IN MARYLAND



"LYNDIA"



ENGLAND'S "A.G."



PART 1

Behold again these "By the People" amateur superstars of the Harmony dawning of a decade ago. They impacted our collective consciousness and enriched those early "Bondage Life" pages of ours with photographs of their own immersions into tight, provocative Love Bondage. They were principal players in Harmony's passage to prominence.

Now they have moved offstage and we remember them with warmth and appreciation and that bittersweet melancholy that is the inevitable human response to times past and bondagetes gone.

FROM "A READER IN GERMANY"



"FROM SWITZERLAND"



"MRS. T.R."
(WHO SENT HUNDREDS OF PRIVATE PHOTOS!)



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY BONDAGE

BOUND FOR CONTROVERSY

because men like to be tied up too

FAVORING THE HOGTIE the "Goose's Gander"



DRESSED TO SERVE T.V. "Cheryl" is at the end of her leash



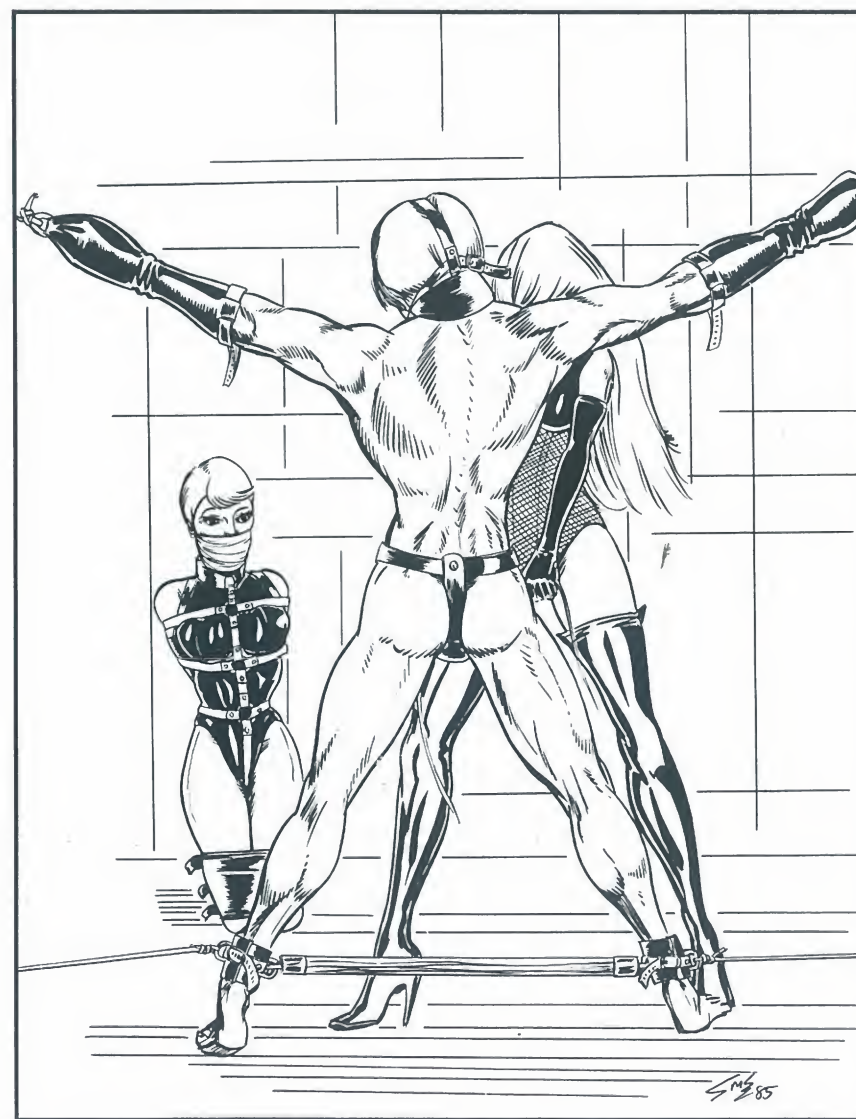
CROSSED UP IN HEELS AND HOSE with P.J. of Pasadena



REARRANGING THE FURNITURE Mr. & Mrs. Hogue take a playful approach



TURNABOUT BONDAGE BY SMS



Dear Harmony,

I don't like to bring criticism into the ring while you are working so hard to present a cohesive philosophy of love bondagers (thanks) but in BL 23 you have a comment heading "Bound for Controversy" about not enjoying male bondage - as if it does not appeal to your readers. A few comments in your pages seem to consider it "not the real thing." I feel you are discounting a faction of us, and alienating part of the spirit of love bondage. Please, no more statements implying that you are including it to stave off criticism. Include it for us, just as you represent other fetish factions such as rubber or tennis clothes.

L.K.

We stand corrected, L.K. Never again will be heard a disparaging word, and the guys may stay hogtied all day.

-Ed.

NUDE TIE-UP IN LONDON With travelling bondage-lover G.A.





SCENES FROM "MADAME ZOLA'S PARLOR"
Tiana Cambridge and Kiri Kelly are devastating in HC-4, available for \$40 from Harmony, in VHS or Beta.

B&D ACADEMY

Continued from Page 28

could be worn. There were women in G-strings, men in chains, transvestites in wetsuits and tutus. Intermingled throughout the assemblage were women who, apparently, were in the same situation as Mariko and Courtney. They wore various forms of restraint, their mouths gagged, and were either being led on leashes or were following obediently at the heels of someone who was apparently their master or mistress.

As Mariko and Courtney were led, wide-eyed, through the crowd, it soon became evident that these others weren't of quite the same status they were. The distinction was that these others were apparently willing captives. Their attitude was often playful, sometimes adoring, always obedient and eager to please. Their bondage was, as far as the girls could see, real and effective, but they wore it proudly and were enjoying their roles.

Mariko was more mystified than ever when suddenly the crowd parted and Allison was there, grinning from ear to ear. She seemed happy to see them, and she hugged them both warmly while they glanced quizzically at each other. Was this sudden display of affection all for show, or did she suddenly love them now that they had "graduated" from her little academy?

Allison was dressed as a pirate queen, complete with eyepatch, short jacket with brass buttons and striped jersey. As she took hold of their leash rope, they realized how her outfit matched theirs, and that she had planned to escort them about herself. Ma'am gave them over gladly, and went off in search of someone.

"Come with me, you ravishing pair of booties," Allison quipped in her usual fashion, "I want to introduce you around."

The first introduction was to a handsome fortyish gentleman in full kilted Scottish regalia who was introduced as "Richard."

"I was quite impressed with their performance in the race today," remarked Richard. "Especially the little oriental one."

"Yes," laughed Allison, ruffling Mariko's wig affectionately, "she really is something! She put everything she had into that race. I'm so proud of her!"

"Thanks a heap," thought Mariko, trying to smile sweetly around her gag.

"Now that she's graduated," said Richard, leaning forward, what do you plan to do with her?"

Allison laughed casually. "That's going to be up to her, naturally!"

"Of course," nodded Richard.

"It is?" thought Mariko.

"Would an interested party be allowed to attempt to help her with that decision?" asked Richard, a crafty look in his eye.

"Why, Richard!" said Allison in mock surprise. "You? After all the girls who have graduated from my academy and been offered to you, you decide you want this one?" They laughed together a moment. "Seriously, Richard," said Allison, "I'm afraid this one is one of those special cases. Possibly later she may become available, but right now . . ."

"Ah, well," said Richard, gazing at Mariko wistfully, "perhaps another like her will come along someday."

There were several more introductions, none more en-

lightening than this one. Both girls were complimented a number of times on their performance in the race. Allison exhibited great pride in them, pride which seemed to be sincere. Why she'd never shown it til now was another mystery.

There were so many questions! Hints and tidbits of information would come out in conversation, and Mariko wished more than anything that she could spit out the giant foam ball that filled her mouth and ask these people just how she and Courtney fit into this bizarre scene. She learned, by chance comment, that all the other bound girls at the party were graduates of Allison's B&D Academy, but that all of them had enrolled of their own free will, were willing and wholehearted participants in their own bondage and apparent enslavement. What's more, everyone was assuming that they were, too! No wonder Allison never allowed them to be ungagged around the others!

This little revelation, of course, only brought on another question . . . why? Why had Allison taken the law into her own hands and risked exposure of all this by putting them through her obedience training course against their will? Did she think they might be rehabilitated by it? True, for her, this might have been preferable to arrest and imprisonment, but what of Courtney, whom Mariko knew to be innocent? What would happen now that they had graduated and Mariko had still not confessed?

For the first time, Mariko began to seriously consider confessing to Allison. There had been no word from Ivan, no indication that he had made any effort to locate her. If she confessed to spying for him, Allison would have no choice but to release Courtney. Then, either she'd have to make Courtney a great offer for a settlement, or Courtney could sue and the whole mess would be exposed. As for herself, the worst Mariko could expect would be to end up like these other girls, kept in bondage, perhaps by Richard . . . A little shiver of excitement shot through her, surprising her. Somehow, that alternative didn't seem so bad, although she realized that her judgement was probably being affected by her present state of arousal.

The strip of fur between her legs fit loosely, so that every step she took made it move against her most intimate flesh. She was finding that even when standing in one place for an introduction, she couldn't keep still, she found herself unconsciously shifting her weight from one foot to the other. She glanced over at her friend Courtney, who was apparently similarly outfitted, for her hips were making a constant, subtle rolling motion beneath her skirts.

Allison was momentarily distracted, involved in a conversation Mariko couldn't follow, when she and Courtney were approached by a buxom redhead with green satin bunny ears on her head. Mariko and Courtney nodded their greetings and took in the redhead's outfit. She was decked out in a Playboy bunny's costume, a tight, tight, *tight* one-piece costume that just barely held her breasts in check and had just enough cloth running between her legs to only be considered obscene. Around her neck was a stiff white collar with a green bow tie and on her wrists were matching white cuffs complete with cufflinks. She even had a puffy white cotton tail. Allison turned to greet the little bunny.

"Why hello there Sweetcakes! It's so good to see you."

"Go'd evenin' Mistress," replied Sweetcakes formally as she turned her eyes to the floor. Within seconds, Allison's attention was focused elsewhere and she forgot about Sweetcakes. Sweetcakes' face relit as Allison turned away.

"'Ere now!" Sweetcakes shouted as she spun around to face a burly man who had just pinched her little cotton tail.

"You keep them 'ands to ya'self! There's only one pair o' 'ands that can pinch me bum, an' they ain't yours!" she said as she poked the man's chest with her finger. Sweetcakes backed the man down, then turned back to the girls.

"So, an' what d'ya think of the Academy?"

"NNNnnnggg!" said Mariko.

"NNNnnnggg! NNNnnnggg!" added Courtney.

Sweetcakes looked a little perplexed at their response. She leaned in and whispered to the two girls.

"Are ya really gagged?"

Both Mariko and Courtney nodded.

"Nooo!" she said in amazement, "An' done up for real too?"

Courtney pulled at her wrists for emphasis.

"Wow!" Sweetcakes marveled. "Most folks've 'ad it with ropes an' gags by now. You two sure must be into . . ."

Sweetcakes was cut off in mid-sentence as two tiny red light bulbs that were sewn onto her bow tie began to blink slowly and rhythmically, and Sweetcakes' eyes rolled back in her head. After a long moment the blinking stopped and her eyesight seemed to return to normal.

"As I was sayin' . . ." She stopped and glanced at the puzzled look on Mariko's and Courtney's faces. "Sir Reggie went an' put one of them vibratin' eggs in me before 'e stuffed me in this suit. Now 'e controls the bloody thing by remote con . . . CC . . . CCC . . ." The rhythmic blinking returned for a moment and again Sweetcakes shuddered. When the lights stopped, she smiled to the two girls.

"What we gotta put up with! Just for a little fun! I gotta go, before he turns the bloody thing up a notch. See ya!" Sweetcakes said as she hurried off in search of Sir Reginald, whom Mariko vaguely remembered being introduced to.

Presently Ma'am wandered back into the picture and Allison handed her the rope that leashed the two girls together.

"I want to wander a bit. Keep an eye on these two while I'm gone . . ."

Ma'am reluctantly accepted the leashes as Allison headed off to another group of chatting people. Ma'am sighed as she pulled on the leash.

"That'll probably be the last we see of her tonight," Ma'am said under her breath to her two charges. "She just wants the grand entrance, then it's every woman for herself. Oh, well, we might as well make the best of it." She pulled the two leashed girls toward the buffet. As was reasonable to expect, the girls remained on their diets as they followed Ma'am around.

As the three girls wandered about the party, Mariko kept getting a strange feeling of *deja vu*; she couldn't quite pin down what was so familiar, but there was something. Perhaps it was a smell or perhaps a sound. Curious. It was not very easy going for Mariko and Courtney as they tried to worm their way through the crowd behind Ma'am. The huge full skirts and high heels served only to knock them off balance, and with the stiff corsets and no hands to balance them, they seemed to take turns stumbling into each other or worse, someone else. Invariably, whenever they would teeter, there would be several pairs of male hands to steady them, usually copping a feel as an unoffered reward. As the night wore on the girls began to not even notice these affronts to their dignity. Certainly, there was nothing they could do about it.

The recognition hit like a ton of bricks. The thing that was driving Mariko crazy was not a smell but rather a sound. Mariko could hear a laugh through the din of the party that was so distinctive that she was certain of it's

origin and it took only seconds from her realization for the verification to be at hand. The crowd parted and through this opening stepped Ivan Rasovitz. The same Ivan Rasovitz who had sent Mariko to spy on B&D Cosmetics, the same guy who had gotten her into this damn mess in the first place!

He was dressed like a Greek god.

"That figures!" thought Mariko. He had his arm around a gaudy woman with bleached blonde hair and a sequined gown with cut-outs that left her huge breasts bare.

"Hi, Diane . . . I heard you were here. How's the ass?" Ivan said cheerfully as he approached.

"Hello Ivan, long time no see . . ." Ma'am replied coolly.

"Still hanging out at the toxic waste center . . . looking for handouts?"

"Naw, I've moved up to bigger and better things. Now I'm so important, they deliver!" he replied.

"You're not as funny as you think!" the woman on his arm interrupted in a high voice.

Ivan ignored her. "So, Diane, I see you're still hanging around with Allison. You two can't seem to get enough of each other, eh? And she's still up to the same old tricks," Ivan said, indicating the bound girls.

"Yeah, when I find a good thing I always stick with it. Loyalty pays off in the end. But what would you know about that?" replied Ma'am.

"Well, if you had stuck with the best, who knows where you'd be now? I'm not usually this magnanimous, you know, but there is still a place for you at Rasovitz Industries. Go ahead, call me a softy . . ."

"Maybe you are soft, but only in a place or two! There's no way I'm going to let you take advantage of me again," said Ma'am angrily.

"You don't know what you're missing," said Ivan. "You have to take advantage of situations as they arise. Take my little pal Myako here . . ." he said as he put his arm around Mariko's waist and pulled her to him. "I knew Allison would love her cute little oriental ass and hire her on the spot. I got some more formulas, and she ended up living happily ever after in lesbian bondage . . . amazing how things work out, isn't it?"

That was when Mariko drove the spike of her heel into Ivan's foot. Ivan screamed, leaping back and bowling over the woman he was with. Before he was out of range, she gave him a knee in the region where it would do the most good. He went down, eyes bulging, and then she could really begin to kick him. After a while, Ma'am reeled in her Japanese hellcat by her leash.

"NDHHNNGG! MMMNNGG, MLMNHGG!!!!!!!" shouted the infuriated Japanese girl over her shoulder as she was dragged away.

"What the heck is going on around here?" demanded Allison when she found the girls in an empty bedroom attempting to cool off.

"It was nothing," said Ma'am, "We just had a little fight."

"What? With who?"

"Good ol' Ivan Rasovitz. She kicked him."

"Where?" asked Allison.

"In the living room."

"NOooo! . . . WHERE?!!!"

"Oh, just about everywhere, I guess," replied Ma'am.

"Good!" Allison said, a broad grin spreading across her face. "It looks like you've got things under control. Why don't you stay here with Mariko so she can cool off. I'll take Courtney back to the party with me . . ."

"Okay," said Ma'am. "Is it all right if I take her gag off?"

"Sure," Allison said as she picked up the rope leash and pulled Courtney out of the room behind her.

Ma'am removed the cloth that covered Mariko's mouth, then peeled away the tape and plucked out the foam ball. Mariko sat for a moment opening and stretching her jaw muscles.

"I see you know Ivan too," said Ma'am.

"I used to work for him, the bastard!"

"Spying?" asked Ma'am nonchalantly.

"How did you know?" asked the surprised Mariko. "I never let on . . ."

Ma'am gave a small laugh and walked over to the mirror. "That's how I met Allison. I was working for Ivan about four years ago and he told me that he suspected he had someone stealing his formulas and selling them to B&D Cosmetics. He wanted me to get a job with B&D so I could help him track down the crook by sending back the stolen formulas. He had done so much for me, giving me a job right out of college, promoting me, teaching me, that I had to do it for him. In fact, I did it for almost a year before Allison caught me."

"Wow! I barely made it six months. But tonight he was like a different person! I couldn't believe it! To think I went through all this for him, waiting, counting on him to come through to help me! That bastard, he never had any intention of helping me!!! Now that I think of it, he never asked for any specific formulas. I just sent them *all* to him! Allison wasn't copying any of Ivan's work. He had us stealing Allison's line so *he* could copy it!"

It all came together for Mariko now; she had been protecting a crook with her silence! She shook her head in disgust at her own naivete.

"There's still one thing I don't understand," began Mariko slowly. "Why did Allison go through all this trouble, kidnapping me and making me go through all the crap I've been through? Why didn't she just call the police and have me arrested?"

"Several reasons. She knew you were tricked into stealing from her, and although the stealing angered her, she didn't think it was an offense worth sending you to jail for. Allison has her own sense of justice, and with the B&D Academy already set up and operating, she had the perfect way of carrying it out! Of course, it'd be silly to pretend she didn't enjoy putting you and Courtney through the Academy. Most of the girls don't get the kind of personal attention you two have gotten from her. Can't say I blame her for that, either. You are adorable!"

"That's a little high-handed of her, isn't it? Taking the law into her own hands for her own enjoyment? Jail only lasts a couple of years; how long did she plan on keeping us here? Did she think we'd just slip into a life of slavery and forget about all this?"

Ma'am laughed, returning to take Mariko by the shoulders. "Of course not, silly! Allison knows what she's doing. She was just waiting for you to confess what you'd done! If you'd confessed a month ago when she first gave you the opportunity, she may have still put you through the Academy to teach you a lesson, but at least you'd have known what was going on, and it'd be over by now! Allison is a very proud woman, and she doesn't like to lose . . . at anything. She was certain that you'd have confessed by now; when you hadn't, it was like a challenge to her! She couldn't allow you to be more stubborn than she is. That was why she invited Ivan to this party. You don't think he's on her list of friends, do you? She figured if you ran into him it'd get things out in the open. Your beating him up was an unex-

pected bonus, which she's enjoying immensely right now, I'm sure."

"But what about Courtney?" asked Mariko. "If Allison knew all along that I was the spy, why did she drag her into this?"

Ma'am smiled. "Another of Allison's ploys. She thought that if you thought Courtney was here because of you, you might confess out of guilt. Actually, Courtney is guilty of embezzling! She was using the computer to transfer funds from the company into her own account. What's more, she thinks you are innocent, and being put through this because of what she did! Pretty slick, eh? Now you know why the two of you were never allowed to talk to each other."

"Wow." Mariko had to sit down on the bed to digest this. She didn't like being played for a fool, but she was so relieved by these revelations that she couldn't be angry.

"What happens now?" she asked finally.

"That depends. Do you want to confess to Allison?"

"I guess I do. I mean, of course I do!"

"She's going to make you get down on your knees and apologize to her, you know. She's waited a long time for this."

"And then?"

"Then she'll offer you a great job at a high salary! She admires your stubbornness and tenacity a lot, you know. She's been planning for this for a while now."

"Well," Mariko sighed, standing up, "let's get this over with, then."

Ungagged but still bound, Mariko went back out to the party to seek out Allison. The party had thinned out a little, but those who were left were a lot looser. Near at hand, white haired Sir Reginald had fallen asleep in a plush velvet chair, an empty glass in one hand, a small black plastic rectangle in the other, on which a little red light was flashing rapidly.

Beyond a high archway, in the largest part of the main room, most of the revelers had turned to dancing, or at least something like dancing. It was also something like a stand-up orgy set to music, with pieces of costume flying out and littering the floor around the wildly moving group. Mariko edged around the mass, Ma'am following, til she could get to the lounge, where there were fewer people and a little more order. Peering through the dimness and the smoke haze, she almost tripped over a writhing figure laying half on, half off one of the couches. She was surprised to see that it was Sweetcakes, green satin ears all askew on her head. She was wet with perspiration, flushed red and panting frantically through her nose. Her open mouth was stuffed full of the white fluff ball that had been her cotton tail, and her wrists were attached behind her by the cufflinks, which had obviously been made with this purpose in mind. The little red lights on her bowtie were flashing rapidly and brightly. For a moment her eyes focused on Mariko and widened in recognition, her eyebrows going up in mute appeal, but then her eyes went out of focus again and with a "what's the use" expression she lapsed into another shuddering climax.

Ma'am nudged Mariko and pointed to the far corner of the lounge. Through the haze she could just make out the unmistakable figures of Courtney and Allison. Courtney's wrists were no longer bound, and she was kneeling before Allison, who was stroking her blonde hair affectionately. Evidently, Courtney had already confessed, apologized, and been forgiven. Mariko turned and smiled at Ma'am, who was grinning. Then she turned and, with a heavy sigh, began to make her way across the room toward Allison. ■



IT MUST BE IN HIS CONTRACT – That sly dog Michael Caine sure can pick the parts. First he got himself tied next to Valerie Perrine (above) in the Caribbean comedy "Water," featuring a wonderfully suggestive exchange when he asks her to twist her bound hands around and fish in his pocket for a lighter to burn the ropes. She: "Is that it?" He (carefully): "No. That's not it." She (flustered): "Oh, I'm sorry." He: "Please don't apologize . . ." Now, in "Surrender," he's in a similar fix when armed robbers invade a tony reception, force the guests to strip, then tie them face to face in pairs. Caine's partner? Sally Field, who doesn't care for the idea at all – especially when he loses his balance and topples forward onto her. She (desperately): "Lie still." He: "I'm trying." She (suddenly wide-eyed): "Quit moving." He (defensively): I have to breathe." She (through clenched teeth): "That's not what you breathe through."

'Running Man,' 'Cold Steel,' 'Hercules II,' 'Death Wish IV,' 'Deathstalker II,' and More Roman Numerals . . .

Maria Conchita Alonso, the Latin spitfire paired with Arnold Schwarzenegger in "The Running Man," is poured into a designer-stretch-bodysuit, then manacled into a jet car that will whoosh her off to the action that constitutes America's highest-rated TV game show sometime in the future, a kind of "Rollerball" with chainsaws. Earlier, Arnie surprises her in her slip, doing situps in her apartment, and, to ensure that she won't turn him in to Big Brother, ties her to her exercise board in a seated position, arms up and ankles strapped down. Very pretty. A warning, though: What with her Latin accent and his Austrian gutturals, you just might wish this flick had subtitles . . . Remember the remake of "King Solomon's Mines" and that little slave bracelet scene with Sharon Stone (who, incidentally, gets our vote for one of the prettiest women in the movies)? Well, that was just practice. In "Cold Steel," she graduates to a lengthier, tougher bondage encounter:

gagged and tied down to a rollaway bed, then – still gagged, with wrists tied behind her back – hauled up to the top of a skyscraper-in-progress as hero Brad Davis tries to save her. Our only quibble: Most of the shots starring our heroine in captivity are lit so murkily that we can hardly tell what's going on. Can we blame that on the fact that "Cold Steel's" director was a female, or are we just being picky? . . . "Hercules II," also knows as



Alonso finds a new use for an exercise bench in "The Running Man."



Carlucci helps Viviani out of those nasty chains in "Hercules II."



A well-gagged but under-lit Stone in "Cold Steel."

"The Adventures of Hercules," is the Italian-made sequel of the 1983 "Hercules," again with Lou Ferrigno in the title role. It's pretty silly stuff, with its one saving grace the appearance of three delectable damsels in bondage-flavored distress. Blonde Milly Carlucci is seen briefly with wrists pinioned overhead to a pillar; and brunettes Cindy Leadbetter and Sonia Viviani are chained atop a big granite globe for sacrifice to a deity that's straight out of the special-effects department . . . Kay Lenz, no stranger to TV tie-ups, brings her talent to the big screen for a rope-and-gag appearance at the climax of the latest Charles Bronson apocalypse, "Death Wish IV: The Crackdown" . . . Her eyes blindfolded and her wrists tied in front, Robin Wright is helpless in the hands of that lipping villain Wallace Shawn in "The Princess Bride" . . . If you cross "Robot Monster" with "Friday the 13th" and add some skin, you've got "Demonwarp," which might be summarized as follows: Teen-agers go to the woods and make out like rabbits until an alien creature starts bloodying up their ranks. Our favorite scenes

fall at the end, when two shapely young things, Michelle Bauer and Pamela Gilbert, are stripped down to their bikini briefs and manacled to a table for a sacrificial ceremony. Much wriggling ensues. Today's riddle: Which of those two once modelled for Harmony? . . . Glamor-puss Sydne Rome, already the star of one of our favorite scenes (it was in "What!" and involved two pairs of

handcuffs; see Bondage Life 13), is in the cuffs again in the Spanish-Italian "Order to Kill," from 1973. This time the cuffs keep her wrists locked to the steering wheel of a jeep as a battle between two mercenaries rages around her . . . "Young and Free" (1979) is billed as a young people's old-west adventure, but there's a distinctly adult thrill at the sight of Ivy Angustain, as an Indian maiden,

Oh, Computer on the Wall, Who's the Most Tied-Up of All?

It was only a matter of time before computer technology caught up with us. This letter, from a reader in Washington, shows what fascinating trivia can emerge when a computer jockey starts quantifying all the appearances of those tied-up ladies of television. We thank him for the work he's done, and we have only one question: Who are Gloria Winters and Nancy Frangione?

Dear Harmony,

In his "Bound for Hollywood" column in Bondage Life 25, Carl McGuire posed the question, "Who's the most tied-up lady on television these days?" He guessed – correctly – that the all-time champion would be Stefanie Powers. I thought your readers might be interested in knowing some of the other award winners.

I have a pretty decent size videotape collection of bondage scenes from television – over 70 hours' worth now, including 3,100 different scenes from nearly a thousand movies and more than 1,100 episodes of 300 different TV series. Over 1,400 actresses are represented (plus another hundred or so unidentified bit players), but of course a few often-bound actresses like Dale Evans and Gloria Winters, whose shows have not been widely shown since VCRs became available, are under-represented in my collection. I keep a file on an IBM PC with a description of each scene, so it's easy to pull out any statistics. (The data file is encrypted so my kid doesn't stumble across it. The password? "Harmony" – what else?

Anyway, based strictly on scenes that I actually have on videotape, Stefanie Powers is indeed the leader, having appeared tied in 26 shows (10 from "The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.," of which three have her tied up twice; 14 from "Hart to Hart," and two movies. Second is Kate Jackson with 23 (5 as Sabrina Duncan, 17 as Amanda King), followed by: Diana Rigg (19, all from "The Avengers"); Barbara Feldon (18, all but one from "Get Smart"); Lynda Carter (17, mostly from "Wonder Woman"); Elisabeth Sladen from "Doctor Who," Heather Thomas, and Linda Thorson, all with 12; Noel Neill (11); Catherine Bach (10); Angie Dickinson, Heather Locklear, and Lindsay Wagner (8 each); Phyllis Coates, Yvonne Craig, Linda Evans, and Erin Gray (7 each); and Lucille Ball, Nancy Frangione, Stephanie Kramer, Cheryl Ladd, Tina Louise, Joanna Lumley, Lee Meriwether, Jaclyn Smith, and Barbara Stanwyck (6 each).

However, in most of these sequences these ladies got to talk too much. Most frequently silenced by her captors has been Noel Neill, gagged in 9 of her 11 appearances (and some of these were instances in which she was bound and gagged more than once). Miss Powers comes in second, with 7 shows in which she was gagged; then Heather Locklear and Avengers Diana Rigg and Linda Thorson (5 each – and Miss Thorson even got a ball gag in one episode); and Cheri Caffaro, Lynda Carter, Phyllis Coates, Yvonne Craig, Linda Evans, Nancy Frangione, and Tina Louise (4 each). Kate Jackson has only been gagged three times and Barbara Feldon only



"And here on Earth, these are called breasts": Victims Bauer (left) and Gilbert in "Demonwarp."

twice, but those most overdue for a good gag are Barbara Stanwyck and fallen Angels Cheryl Ladd and Jaclyn Smith, all of whom have been tied up six times but never gagged. Another ex-Angel, Farrah Fawcett, has managed to avoid being shut up in five attempts.

Having all the records on the computer allows all sorts of odd-ball discoveries. For example, Kate Jackson got her ankles tied only twice in her 23 bondage shows, while Lynda Carter's trim little ankles were tied in 12 of her 17 appearances. Barbara Feldon usually got to sit in a chair — she was tied to one 10 out of her 18 shows. Stefanie Kramer always gets tied with hands behind (though in one show she was then retied with her wrists to bedposts) — nobody else is so consistent. Although Stefanie Powers as April Dancer did hang by her knees from a trapeze over a piranha-filled tank, the only actress in the "most tied" list ever to be in allegedly suspension bondage was Linda Thorson, supposedly hanging by her wrists from a pipe in the "You'll Catch Your Death" episode of "The Avengers." First, though, she modeled a straitjacket, an honor shared only by Kate Jackson among members of the "frequent tiers" club.

By the way, except for Miss Kramer's experience, big stars don't get tied to beds — maybe it's too suggestive. None of the top ten bondagees has ever been tied to one.



The winner: Stefanie Powers, seen here in "Hart to Hart" . . .



. . . and runners-up Jackson (this is from "Charlie's Angels")



. . . and Rigg, in a characteristic pose from "The Avengers."

Looking at my total collection of TV bondage scenes, I find I have 31 hogties (a mere 1% of tie-ups), only 15 straitjackets, and 66 suspension ties. Women are tied with their hands behind their backs 46% of the time, in front 20%, and at their sides 12%. About 16% of TV bondage scenes involve actresses tied to chairs, 3% to beds, and 8% to posts or trees. Their feet are tied 34% of the time, they are gagged 37%, and they are blindfolded in 3% of their scenes.

A different kind of trivia: The top bondage TV shows in terms of the number of episodes that have featured at least one bondage scene are: "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." (46); "The Avengers" (34 plus 6 more from "The New Avengers"); "Doctor Who" (32); "The Fall Guy" (22); "Batman," "Get Smart," and "Scarecrow and Mrs. King" (20 each); "Hart to Hart" and "Wonder Woman" (19 each); "Charlie's Angels," "Days of Our Lives," and "Knight Rider" (17 each); "The Dukes of Hazzard" and "Superman" (16 each); and "Simon and Simon" (15). (The leading advertiser, by the way, is Prudential, with three bondage-laden commercials.)

Just thought I'd share these important facts with your readers.

Isaac



The only good Indian is a quiet Indian: Angustain in "Young and Free."



Gabrielle makes a dramatic entrance in "Deathstalker II."

pinioned to the ground and gagged with her own headband by a white youth who wants to keep her from screaming out to her tribesmen for help. The two eventually fall in love, but it's a rocky road to romance. In another scene, he leaves her trussed up in his cabin, just before a hungry grizzly passes by and gets a whiff of what's inside The lovely blonde Virginia Madsen, who intriguingly alternates her roles between sweet young things ("Electric Dreams") and hot-blooded dames ("Slam Dance") has just appeared in her first cinema tie-up. The movie is the teen chiller "Zombie High," and we find her strapped down to a hospital cart by a psychotic, scalpel-wielding M.D. (and how many times have we run into *that* scenario? It's becoming an old favorite.) If you saw "Deathstalker" (BL 17), you'll recall those three 'B's: Barbi Benton's Boobs . . . uh, make that Bonds. "Deathstalker II" continues that tradition, with Monique Gabrielle on the receiving end this time (she's cute, blonde, and shapely, but, despite the Gallic name, her accent and delivery say Omaha a lot more than Paris): first, with wrists and ankles slung from a horizontal pole, she's hauled into an enemy camp; later, wrists knotted overhead, she's lowered slowly into a bubbling vat of something or other. And where is that Deathstalker guy, anyway?

B/D on T/V

Jane Badler, who was scary as Diana, queen of the lizard-aliens, on the miniseries "V," has been not quite as intimidating as a good-girl regular on NBC's "Highwayman." In a recent episode, she was gagged and roped into a chair that, with the addition of a few sticks of dynamite and a detonator, was turned into a makeshift boobytrap, the trigger device a cord running over to the door-knob. She couldn't speak to warn hero Sam Jones outside, but boy, could she ever moan Olivia d'Abo, as



"Mmmphh!": Badler turns good girl on "Highwayman."



Jones goes for a dip in "Alice to Nowhere."

007's latest love interest, didn't get involved in anything interesting in "The Living Daylights." Could be she was saving herself for the NBC sci-fi miniseries "Something Is Out There," in which she spends about 10 minutes with her wrists cuffed behind her back. Our favorite shot is when she — or her stunt double — nudges open the door of a speeding car and, wrists still cuffed, hits the ground rolling Rosey Jones is a plucky nurse abducted by desperadoes in the four-hour Australian miniseries "Alice to Nowhere." In the climactic scene in the outback, she's roped by the wrists to a truck and dragged across a flooded river Former Miss USA Shawn Weatherly is moving right along with her acting career, and a recent "J. J. Starbuck" showed her off to fine advantage: Grabbed by a murderous dope dealer, she's trussed up in the back of his limousine; he calls Starbuck on his car phone to gloat and, when she tries to break in on the conversation, he silences her by stuffing his hanky in her mouth. Later, though, she bounces back: In a shoot-out in a warehouse, although still tied at the wrists, she disables two of her captors with karate kicks Hardly had we finished beating the drums for "Friday the 13th — the Series" in our last issue when the show threw another memorable episode at us, this one a spooky tale of an obsessed Chinese tattoo artist who captures and binds young girls, then uses his needles to adorn their thighs with various creepy-crawlies that — are you ready? — come to life The new network series "Probe," which has been described as a kind of American-style "Doctor Who," may or may not make the cut this summer, but it's



This Oriental miss is getting the needle on "Friday the 13th — the Series."

already given us two nice tie-ups, both featuring series regular Ashley Crow. Both scenes find her roped into a chair; one of those is a swivel chair, which allows her to wheel here and there, turn around, and show us what appears to be a pretty good, elaborate rope job. As with "Young and Free," mentioned above, don't be fooled into thinking the syndicated "Adventures of Beans Baxter" is strictly for the younger set. We recall in particular the bikini-clad Karen Mistal, as Beans' terminally-cute girlfriend, captured by enemy agents and manacled spreadeagle to a wall "Sonny Spoon," barely on the air, has already broadcast a well-done, drawn-out little drama with Terry Dona-



Rope, rope everywhere: Crow on "Probe."



Mistal shows off her new beachwear in "Beans Baxter."



Donahoe can't talk with her mouth full on "Sonny Spoon."

'Bull Durham':

It's A Tie Game.

Susan Sarandon is Annie Savoy, the wise and sexy high priestess of minor-league baseball in Durham, North Carolina, who every season takes one promising newcomer under her shapely wing to teach him both the joys of sex and the metaphysics of winning baseball.

This year it's "Nuke" LaLoosh (Tim Robbins), who, when invited into Annie's bedroom, quickly strips down to his striped briefs but then is stopped short at her drawled question: "Honey, you ever been tied to the bed?" Seems she wants him to sublimate some of that sexual energy into the game; so, tying his wrists to the bedposts with fat silk drapery cords, she reads some of Walt Whitman's more erotic imagery aloud to him. ("A guy will listen to anything," she tells us, "if he thinks it's foreplay.")

Enter "Crash" Davis (Kevin Costner), who eventually gets Annie to fall for him, and, in the movie's final inning, ropes her to her own bed and, as she sighs with each stroke, paints her toenails.

It's a delightful movie, not so much about baseball as about life and love; and one of the small delights is the positive, easygoing way in which bondage is portrayed as a way of loving. Sarandon is one hip-swinging earth mother, and those knotted cords still hanging from her bedposts after a hard night of passion are just one of the many emblems of a very loving nature. Equally important, we think, has been the publicity for the movie, in which the use of you-know-what in the bedroom (Annie has "a penchant for bondage and Walt Whitman," as one reviewer put it) has been accepted so casually they could as easily be describing a woman who likes jazz and Cajun cooking.

So go see "Bull Durham," for these and a lot of other reasons. It catches the sweet spot.



NO COVER, NO MINIMUM — Back in the '60s, when censorship was just beginning to loosen, French director Alain Robbe-Grillet was already giving us some memorably kinky moments, notably in his "Trans-Europ Express." Jean-Louis Trintignant, who was yet to do "A Man and a Woman," was the small-time crook who liked to tie up girls. Marie-France Pisier, long before "The Other Side of Midnight" and "Chanel Solitaire," played the hooker who didn't mind accommodating him. And the nude in chains was part of the floor show at a Paris nightclub we're still looking for . . .

hoe, as Sonny's public defender friend, finding herself the tied-and-gagged captive of a crazed transvestite (!), who — ever-attentive to those wardrobe details — fits her carefully with a black cloth gag with a fat knot centered just so, right between the lips

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS — Somewhere between the early publicity and the movie's release, that James Woods thriller we referred to in BL 29 — featuring Randi Brooks and a pair of handcuffs — underwent a title change, from "Blood on the Moon" to "Cop." And Liza Minelli's so-called "bound and gagged" appearance in "Rent-a-Cop" — regarding which in that same issue we quoted a pre-release article on the filming —

turned out to be very tame stuff. And that's no gag.

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS — Julianne Phillips, otherwise known as Mrs. Bruce Springsteen, talked to Rolling Stone recently about her new movie, "Seven Hours to Judgement," due out this fall. In it, she's the wife of a judge (Beau Bridges) and is kidnapped in an attempt to influence his conduct of a trial. "I had cockroaches crawling on me," she said. "I was in a straitjacket and drugged. It definitely was not a glamor role." Well, let's not be too hasty: If worn properly, a straitjacket can be very glamorous indeed

MICHAEL KEYE'S NEW DISCOVERY

ELISE DI MEDICI



He's really done it this time. It wasn't enough for him, being an expert photographer and creating sexy, original and professional-looking bondage photos from his very first photo session. Oh no. New Harmony shutterman Michael Keye had to take himself out and find this great new model, a woman who looks absolutely spectacular in bondage. Can we ever forgive him? Well, maybe. As long as he lets us tie up Elise, too.



Sultry. Exotic. Alluring. Elise.

CRIME DETECTIVE

Our thanks to TLB for generously providing many of the covers displayed herein.



CONFIDENTIAL BONDAGE!

It's the summer of 1968 and you've just walked into your favorite neighborhood cigar store. But who cares about cigars? Boldly spread out on a rack against the back wall, a sheaf of colorful magazines instead commands your attention: True Detective, Official Detective, Police Detective. And, of course, the one that makes your adrenalin surge as soon as you catch sight of its simple but distinctive logo — Confidential Detective!

Month after month in the late 60s, the covers of Confidential and its stablemate, Crime Detective, blazed with miniature bondage melodramas. Each trip to the cigar store became an exciting expedition that concluded with the discovery of a tantalizing new variation on the theme of Bound And Gagged Heroine In Miniskirt. Viewed from the critical perspective of 1988, the ropework was awfully primitive —



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rarely more than a few strands of twine coiled around wrists and ankles – but these covers were the glory of their times, bringing a spark of vitality to those otherwise desolate years between the decline of Klaw and Willie, and the rise of HOM and Harmony.

Examine the examples displayed on the next four pages. Rudimentary the bondage may have been but, more often than not, gags covered the models' mouths with taut precision, the better to highlight their eloquent eyes. Wearing outfits that, in true Age of Aquarius style, were both colorful and revealing, these alluring

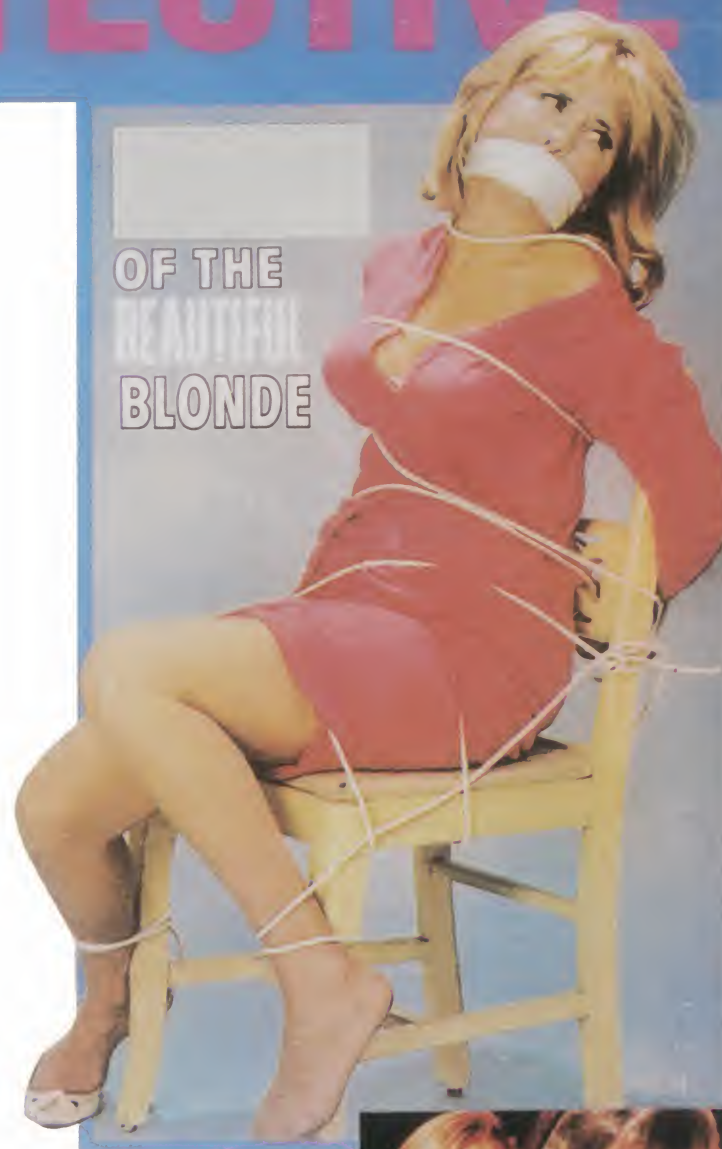
young women strained against their bonds with a melodramatic vigor rare even for this genre. We believe that these images convey the vision of one person; it's likely that he or she still lives, somewhere in America, preserving memories we'd dearly love to share.

Memories of the visions that transformed a cigar store into a realm of secret treasures.



CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE

CASES



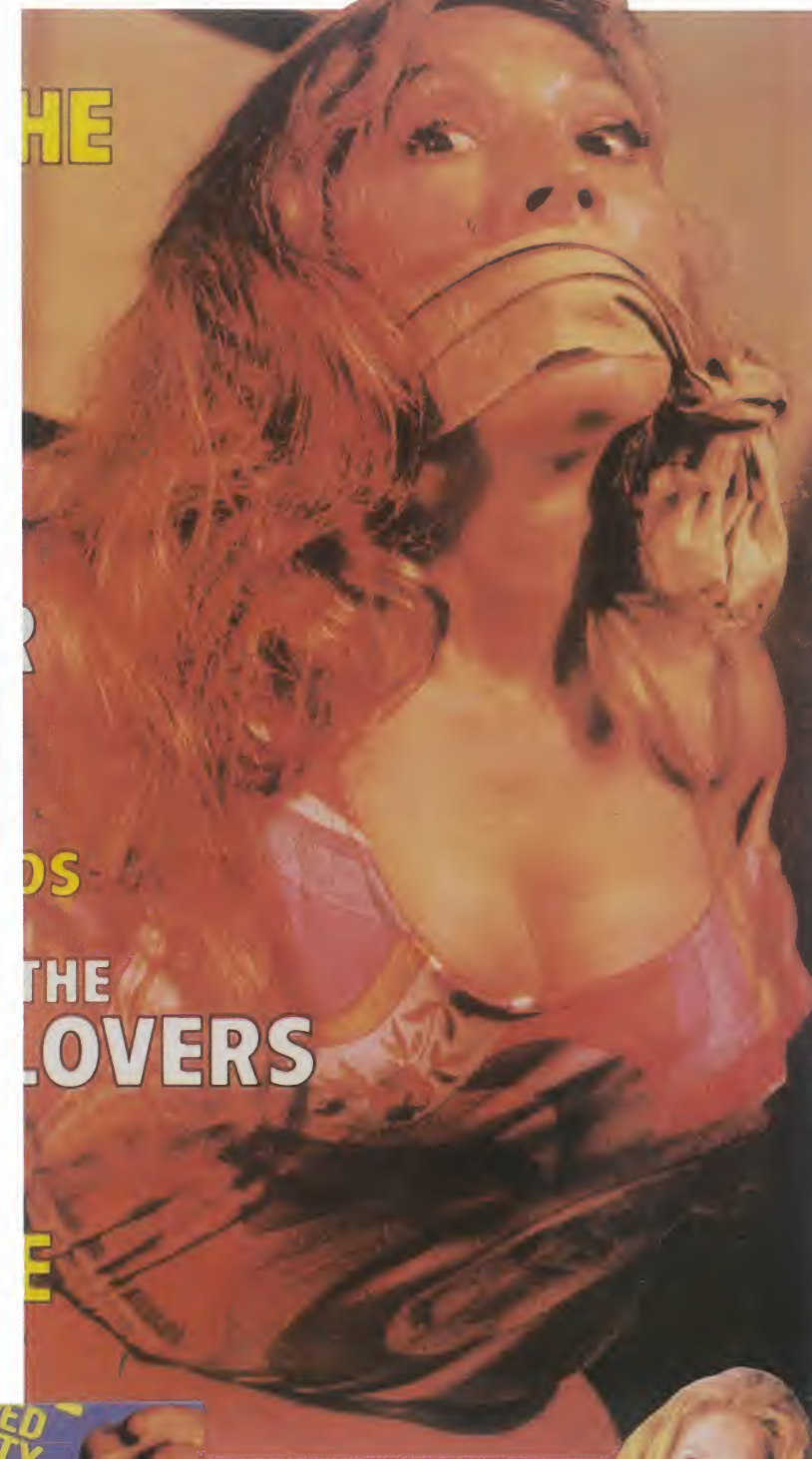
OF THE
BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE



OF ABELINE'S
BOUND AND
GAGGED BRIDE



WEST GERMANY'S
MANHUNT FOR THE
PHANTOM



SOMETHING
STRANGE
GOING ON
MOMMY'S
BED!

By The People

Continued from Page 45

Dear Sirs:

Bondage Life, ahoy! What a wonderful discovery, to find your amazing magazine! I have been into bondage virtually all my life, but have never before seen a publication which expresses its loving and giving aspects. Most magazines condone force and cruelty. Yours expresses beauty, intelligence and love. What a woman Sarah Tate must be! Her survey is so well thought-out and so sensitively presented that it should be compulsory reading in university sociology courses. I would love to meet her and talk things over face to face.

I am an officer in the WRANS (Women's Royal Australian Navy) with quite a few years' service in, and have spent most of those years indulging in self-bondage, as I never found a person I could confide in until recently. I have been in love with ropes and handcuffs since I was first introduced to them as a teenager (a different story, and probably not unique enough to bother repeating). Recently, though, I met a Naval commander who shares my interest, and since then life has been much simpler, and more fun, even though (or maybe because) I have much less control over deciding when I am to be free and when I am not.

It may be of interest to know how

John and I discovered our mutual interest in bondage, virtually in public. I was in charge of orienting a group of recruit WRANS, and had taken them to John's seamanship class for basic knots and splices. John demonstrated a number of knots, then the WRANS had to practice the knots in teams of two. Some knots (technically "hitches") join a soft object, like a rope or a sail, to a solid object, like a post or a rail. These hitches were demonstrated on the arm of the team member not doing the tying. There was an even number of recruits, so John demonstrated the hitches on me. As I held out my wrist, and he threw a couple of half-hitches on it, I met his eyes, and experienced a frisson of such excitement and pleasure that John tells me I positively glowed. John finished the lesson, then announced to the class that the time might come when they would be on patrol or guard duty, and might need to restrain someone without handcuffs. In such a case, he said, you need to know how to secure a person with rope. He asked me to help him demonstrate, and I stood up in front of the class with my wrists crossed behind me as he secured me with a couple of quick turns and a cinch. I knew I had come home when he said, "How does that feel, Gwen?" even though he had been calling me by



name (Jane) up to that point. I took the cue, and answered, "Very secure, Sir Darcy." I think the recruits were thoroughly confused by this exchange, but they dutifully took turns tying each other up, with John supervising and tightening, and soon there were thirteen of us in our white blouses and black skirts standing around with our wrists tied. What an image *that* would have been for an enthusiast with a camera! The recruits changed places as the victims became the captors... except for me, as I sat on the lecturer's desk with my hands secured, wishing the lesson would never end. It did, all too soon, and I was released to dismiss the class. John invited me back to the wardroom for coffee, and I think we knew that a chapter had started for both of us. We sidled through the necessary confessions by way of "Gwen" and "Darcy," but there was little doubt

in either of us that a reader of John Willie could be other than an enthusiast. The limits needed to be established, but luckily we both subscribe totally to the Harmony philosophy, even though neither of us knew of its existence at that time.

Since then, John and I have shared a flat, and spend a lot of our time practising our sailorly skills in knots and hitches (well, John practices, and I enjoy). I am in Communications, but it is sometimes hard to communicate when John decides he doesn't want to receive signals and gags and/or blindfolds me. As Naval officers we both carry heavy responsibilities, and work frequently under stress, with the lives of men and women at risk if we screw up. We find loving bondage the most satisfactory release (is that a paradox?).

This has been a great year for us. Having found each other late last year, we have since come across a younger couple who like the same things we like (we were introduced by a bookshop owner from whom we buy some of our reading, and who thought the four of us were "different" from most of his restricted area clientele). The same bookshop owner, incidentally, sold me the copies of BL I am now responding to, as a batch came on in exchange (how could anyone bear to part with them?).

The other couple recently spent a weekend away with us on two houseboats on a waterway near Sydney, and there was considerable competition between the two men in tying and chaining their women! At one time the two men decided to use us as figureheads, so that Ellie and I found ourselves tied to the bowrails of our houseboats, bare-breasted, as the men raced the boats down the river. We passed a number of other craft, some of whom seemed to ignore us ("I don't want to get involved" syndrome) while some seemed to think the whole thing a great joke. One boatload of young fishermen cheered us on with cries of "Ho! pray for Sir Jasper!" I guess as long as we were smiling (and we were) nobody felt inclined to interfere.

I will enclose a couple of photos taken on the river, and some more formal studies taken at home. I hope you like them well enough to use them. If you do, I'll send more, and tell you more about us.

Your humanistic and beautifully presented magazines mean a great deal to us. Our loving thanks to you and to all your contributors.

Jane

Don't Miss September's BONDAGE PARADE!



If you have enjoyed this issue of Bondage Life, then you won't want to miss its sister magazine, Bondage Parade 29. September's Parade will feature soft and sexy lingerie photos of Tiana Cambridge and of newcomer Elise Di Medici, bound and gagged. Kiri Kelly looks spectacular, intricately laced into about a half-mile of colored rope, and Olivia Chase is so sexy in her bondage that you might just fall in love. You wouldn't be the first. Lovely Laurel Blake daydreams that she's Holly Harmony, the bondage cartoon character, and finds herself dressed, tied up and gagged just like Holly. In addition to this list of supermodels, Parade will include some readers' letters and photos, an eye-popping bit of Guido Crepax's erotic comic strip "Valentina," and some first-rate bondage art. The fiction will be a special presentation, a strikingly well-written bondage tale of Sherlock Holmes, titled "The Singular Occurrences At Tremayne Manor," by Jerry Wilde. We're working hard to make Bondage Parade a serious competitor for Bondage Life's number-one spot, and if you haven't been getting them both, you've been missing out on half of the best bondage in print.

P.S. I am writing to Sarah, in the hope that we can meet. That would be very exciting.

Thanks for writing, and for the photos. You and John are just the sort of folks we like to hear from - warm, open and understanding of the concept of Love Bondage. We'd welcome further correspondence, and perhaps you could persuade Ellie and her man to drop us a note as well. Your, and their, approach to bondage, that it should be fun and shared, can be of great help to those who aren't quite as liberated.

-Ed.

Answers To Movie Quiz:

1. C 2. F
3. E 4. B
5. A 6. D



A NEW WEST GERMAN CONTINGENT:

USCHI
In leather and chains



**In ropes and a voluntary
ballgag**



Dear Bondage Friends,

This is the first chance I've had to write since I received your tape JD-3 starring Kiri Kelly. Fantastic! This sweet young lady belongs in ropes and gags at all times!

She inter-reacts to her bonds like other girls do to fine lingerie. The ropes show off her finer features at their best, and she makes the ropes look like she is clad in silk.

Her movements and the noises she makes behind her gag let the viewer know that she is enjoying every minute of her restricted, stressful treatment, which is the way it should be. She does not act as though it is just another modeling job; she gets involved and really seems to be enjoying herself.

Please do more of this type of video with her — less clothes, more ropes, and perhaps a variety of gags. I would like to see her as she was at the waterfall in "Topanga Tess," complete with crotch rope. Outdoors, if possible. Also, perhaps her mistress could use a few "love toys" to add to her bound delight.

Really the best tape I've ever purchased!

Thanks,

H. E.

Thank you, H. E. We agree with your estimation of Kiri. Her zest, her exuberance, her love for what she's doing make her exceptional. You've not seen the last of Kiri...

-Ed.

Dear Harmony,

Just a note to say that I enjoyed the two issues of Topanga Tess. The outdoors bondage was just great. It was beautiful to see a pretty female like Kiri Kelly bound in such wonderful locations (like that on pages 32 and 33). I also like the suspension. Please, more of it, and more outdoor bondage! I would also like to see more of this kind of magazine in the future, wherein one female is the star of the whole magazine and getting into many different bondage situations. It would be a good way to introduce new models into the bondage world, although it doesn't have to be a new model all the time. I thought these two magazines were a great new idea, and it should be pursued for awhile. Topanga Tess was very well done and I'd like to see more of this kind of bondage.

*Thank you,
J.R.*

KATHY AND JENNIFER

**Scenes of some casual, easy-does-it bondage by
"Friends in the Great Northeast"**



BONDAGE
— the power and the innocence —
CATFIGHTS
— the cunning and the vicious —
SPANKING
— the erotic and the disciplinarian —

RELEASE

SET YOURSELF FREE IN THE UNINHIBITED
WORLD OF LYNDON DISTRIBUTORS.

10% DISCOUNT with the purchase of
3 to 5 magazines; 20% DISCOUNT with
the purchase of 6 or more.



A CHANGE OF PACE

They're still wild, still in France, and he's still wearing wool, but Mme. T. has opted
for boots and leather skirt.



COMFY CUTIE WITH SMILING EYES Photos by "Lark"



Dear Harmony,

Finally! Someone has raised a skeptical eyebrow at "Terri's Tall Tales." (See Closelines, Bondage Life 31). Ever since her first letter appeared in Bondage Life 17, I have become increasingly frustrated at trying to imitate her escape routines. Now I know why: they are fabrications. I drew the line after her last episode on the bondage frame. She claims to have blindfolded and gagged herself, pulled her legs up near her thighs, suspended her arms high up behind her back, and locked her cuffs on. I certainly hope none of your readers tries this stunt, as a loss of balance or structural defect in the frame could cause the bondager to come crashing to the ground, dislocating his shoulders in the process. Even something as simple as gagging could result in disaster, since Terri would be unable to clear her mouth while held in place on the frame.

In general, I seriously doubt anyone could spend 12 hours locked inside a leather discipline helmet, take a grand tour of her house, then spend half an hour calmly searching the floor for an escape key. Discipline helmets, even when applied by a loving bondage partner, produce a claustrophobic paranoia after the initial thrill wears off, and I can't believe Terri would deliberately incapacitate herself for half a day with no one around to aid her.

This matter can be settled easily. I would like to challenge Terri, in front of all Bondage Life readers, to put up or shut up. I propose that Bondage Life sponsor a little contest. Terri can set up a video camera before entering into

a self-bondage session, a camera which will record all her activities. This tape should demonstrate beyond doubt that she did in fact free herself according to the techniques she has shared in her stories. This tape should be sent to Bondage Life for verification. In order to make this challenge worth her time, I would be willing to ante up \$100.00, and I have a sneaking suspicion other solo-bondagers would be willing to chip in a little themselves. If Terri is indeed as proficient an escapologist as she claims, she should have no trouble proving it. Come on, Terri. Show us you are for real.

Sincerely,
J. S. of Moline, IL.

You're on, J. S.! Terri, if you're reading this, we, like the rest of your fans, want to believe that you're for real. If you'll do this little thing, we'll never doubt you again. Any other doubtful self-bondagers care to encourage her as J. S. has suggested?

-Ed.

Dear Harmony:

I just finished watching your excellent bondage video BF-6, starring Debra Lee and Laurel Blake. All I can say is, the video really blew my mind to the max. It's as if Klaw and Willie were directing the whole scenario. For a long time now, I've wanted to see and hear Laurel Blake in good tight bondage. Your BF-6 video fulfilled my every bondage expectation.

What was really impressive - the video was affordable. Moneywise, things are tight these days and for the true bondage buff it seems all bondage materials cost an arm and a leg. Thanks for keeping the cost of these superb videos down and the good quality up!

Debra Lee has to be "Betty Page" reincarnated. She really seems to put her "all" into bondage struggling - she must have studied a few old Betty Page films. What a joy she is.

But, my first love is Laurel Blake. For some years I've watched her grow into one of the best bondage models anywhere. After seeing this video I will no longer be content with still photos - this gal is much better in action.

Well, those are just a few of my thoughts on your great \$40.00 bondage videos. So it's back to saving my pennies for the sequel to BF-6!

Thank you for your time.

Yours,

R. P.

PANTHOSE BONDAGE

By Mark of Pittsburgh, who last contributed back in BL 16. One leg of the pantihose is cut off, allowing the head to slip through the resulting hole and supporting the remaining leg over both arms. Add to that about a half a mile of Ace bandage, and you've got it.



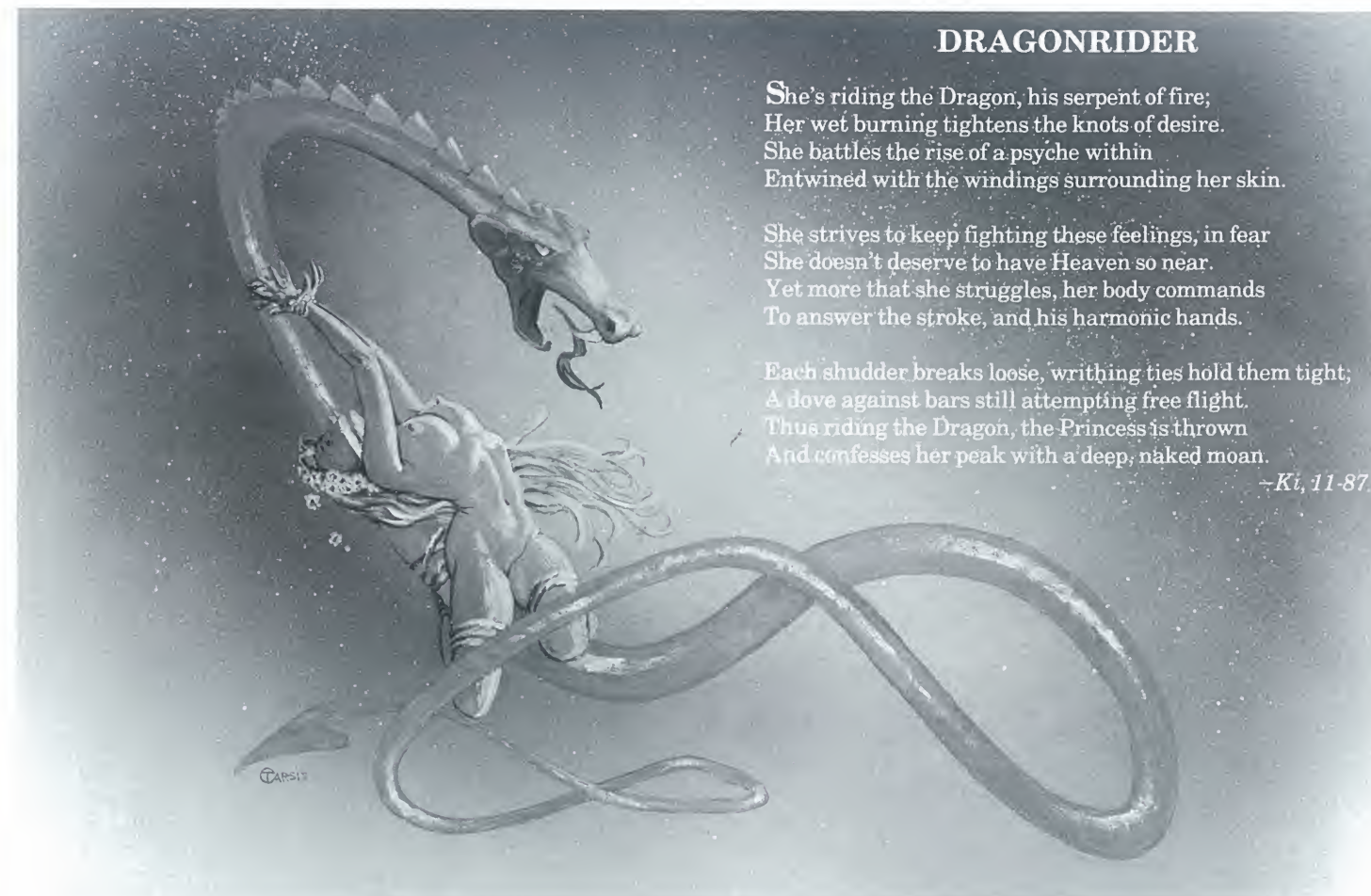
DRAGONRIDER

She's riding the Dragon, his serpent of fire;
Her wet burning tightens the knots of desire.
She battles the rise of a psyche within
Entwined with the windings surrounding her skin.

She strives to keep fighting these feelings; in fear
She doesn't deserve to have Heaven so near.
Yet more that she struggles, her body commands
To answer the stroke, and his harmonic hands.

Each shudder breaks loose, writhing ties hold them tight;
A dove against bars still attempting free flight.
Thus riding the Dragon, the Princess is thrown
And confesses her peak with a deep, naked moan.

-Ki, 11-87



"KI'S" PATIENT NURSE

Tied up at the doctor's office, nurse "Krystal" waits quietly in atmospheric cloth-strip bondage by "Ki."



HIS OWN SLANT ON LIFE

Sometimes, to look at J. R.'s photos, you have to hold the page at an angle. It's worth the effort.



Dear Mr. Harmon,

I was overcome with your advertising blitz for Simone Devon, so I ordered the videos SD-3 and SD-4 (I prefer sound). I was *not* disappointed!

Both videos are worth every penny! The object of Simone's ropes and gags, Jamie Jean, is a knockout! I've seen Simone in Beautiful Bondage Scenes #7 and know she is a beauty — she needs to be overpowered, stripped, bound and gagged by another beauty who has freed herself of Simone's bonds.

Which brings me to a shocking surprise — Jamie was able to free herself of Simone's bonds! Perhaps the saying about girls binding girls more tightly is suspect!

Also, the gags used need packing, and she should use a little more variety. Simone should bind her ladies in such a way that they can't ever remove their gags!

One other point, Simone should use a smaller size cotton rope, not that large shiny rope to bind her lovelies.

I almost forgot — I purchased the Arrow Films' Buyer's Guide (BG-1). I wish I'd had it earlier!

Sincerely,

A Dallas Devon Devotee

It is extremely rare, but occasionally a model does get away (especially that slippery Jamie Jean). Maybe it's that thick rope. Thanks for your critique and suggestions, we'll pass them along to Simone right away. You'll be pleased to know that she has already begun using packing with her gags — check her more recent videos. As for having a model turn the tables on her, it sounds like a great idea! If we suggest it to her, it'll probably solve that first problem — she'll start tying them more tightly, just in case. -Ed.

Dear Harmony Communications in general and Bondage Life in particular:

We are a couple who have enjoyed the many and varied aspects of bondage for a goodly number of years. We very recently obtained our first issue of Bondage Life. That experience prompts this letter.

Over the years, we have corresponded with many people, exchanged photos with some, and have even met a few. Among the notable ones we have met were Cheryl Rothman and Lynidia. We have numerous photos from our exchanges with these fine ladies. (It was through the contact with Cheryl that we got our first pictures of Judith Wilson. Cheryl and Judith were posed together in some sessions.)

We have enjoyed the photographic part of bondage from the beginning of



our involvement. In fact, our picture-taking led to our being the photographers for some of Jayne Richmond's pictures — BL 9, page 32 and BL 18, page 38. The picture on the left of page 38 of BL 18 is one of ours.

Based on our own personal interests and the interests of those with whom we have written and exchanged photos, we have dabbled in almost all aspects of bondage equipment and dress. In general, we are lingerie, nylons, and high heel folks.

Our earliest real contact with the bondage scene (outside of our own early games with ropes and belts) was through HOM and Latent Image. As you have pointed out in your BL editorials, about 20 years ago it was very difficult to come by good bondage

Continued on Page 78

MODEL PROFILE: OLIVIA CHASE

These scenes are from MP-1, the first in a new series of videos from Harmony Communications. In it, we introduce you to Olivia, the person. She tells you a little about herself, then, as she under-

goes five sexy bondages, she describes, in brief voice-overs, how they felt. A charming and intimate video, 40 minutes long, for \$30, VHS or Beta. (See Harmony's video ad for ordering info.)



By The People

Continued from Page 76

material outside of the mail order business. We found that HOM could be trusted with correspondence, and as they came out with magazines and brochures, they were pretty much a central source.

Several of the people with whom we correspond have recommended Bondage Life. Thus, we ordered and have received BL 9, BL 10 and BL 18. We have read all three and are very much impressed — impressed enough that we have ordered the other available back issues and the current issue as well.

We enjoyed the three issues we have read, and wanted to try to be a contributor with words and photos. By being so late in discovering Bondage Life, we missed the two surveys you did, but here's a brief profile for the record. We are both college graduates, and are "respected" members of the community. We were very definitely closet bondage fans for a long time and did worry that we were not totally "normal" in our enjoyment of this activity. Making any kind of outside contacts came very slowly, and it took a long time to get us out of the closet and actually in touch with others that shared any of our interests. We have

children and to the best of our knowledge they are not aware of our interests in bondage activities. As they have grown up (they are teens now) it has been harder to find "time to play." (This is a common tale of woe that we hear from most of our friends who have children.)

Our prime turn-ons have been heels, lingerie, and the more esoteric costumes. We have quite an extensive collection of boots, shoes, garter belts, corsets, see-through blouses, leather wear, some rubber. We went through



quite a phase with attention to leotards and tights — always with high heels of some sort. As a result of correspondence with others who have specific interests, we have taken photos with nyloned feet (no shoes) and various nude series to act out the master/slave scene. We are basically male dominant and female submissive.

As for bondage gear, we have and do use most kinds. Rope is always the standard, but it is not at all quick to apply nor to remove (should the kids get back unexpectedly). So, we use lea-

ther cuffs or steel hand and ankle cuffs a lot for "quickies." We usually use gags. Ball gags are the most often used with tape being next. We enjoy variety in the use of our equipment and the positions in which the bound one is posed.

We have enjoyed the letters from readers you have printed, though we do think that some of your writers may embellish their stories a little. Depending on how you react to this, our initial letter, we would look forward to sharing in some detail some of our experiences with other readers.

We just sent in a roll of film for processing in which the posing was inspired by the spread on Laurel Blake on pages 68 and 69 of BL 10. A couple of weekends ago we were wandering through a local shopping mall and came across a shoe store with its window filled with styles that are a high heel fetishist's delight. We went in and spent a delightful time trying on every appropriate pair. We came away with two pair, one with a thin 5-inch heel. Knowing that we had a couple of hours alone coming up while the kids were at music lessons, we made our plans to imitate Laurel. On the day that we were to have "our shoot," the UPS man delivered a black, long sleeved, Nylon-Lycra, off-the-shoulder, fits-like-a-second-skin mini dress. The boots and the dress made the outfit for the session. Hope the photos come out as good as the session looked in person! If they do, we will share them with you.

We have rummaged through our available photos and would like to offer some for publication in Bondage Life.

We enjoy the progressive approach in our photo sessions. They frequently start fully clothed and wind up with very little of the original clothing left on. (Of course, if the session is of the master/slave type, the slave has much less on to begin with.)

We do hope that you will find some of our ramblings of interest and that we will have a chance to see our words and/or photos in a future issue of your fine magazine. Should we be so lucky, please sign us as:

"A Midwest Bondage Couple"

We look forward to seeing the results of your "Laurel shoot," as well as hearing your exploits. As a rule, we do not embellish letters. We usually do patch up the grammar as needed, edit out the more graphic sexual descriptions, and in some cases shorten them to manageable lengths. Any embellishing that goes on happens before the letters are mailed.

-Ed.

BONDAGE LIFE MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS (SINCE BONDAGE LIFE 13), HARMONY CHALLENGES YOU TO IDENTIFY A BEVY OF THE SILVER SCREEN'S BONDAGED BEAUTIES!

From Griffith to Scorsese, ingenious film directors have devised a plethora of binding predicaments for their leading ladies. Before you, the results of such directorial initiative: Six of Hollywood's comeliest heroines from decades past have attained the acme of bondage melodrama! Can you match their names with the correct stills from Movie Star News? Answers on page 67.



1



2



3



4



5



6

- A. Linda Evans in "Beach Blanket Bingo."
- B. Charlotte Austin in "The Man Who Turned To Stone."
- C. Sheila Terry in "The Sphinx."
- D. Carroll Baker in "Paranoia."
- E. Pier Angeli in "The Silver Chalice."
- F. Margaret Lindsay in "Meet The Wildcat."

Photos courtesy Paula Klaw of Movie Star News, 134 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011



Beginning next issue . . .

Lisa Carlisle was prepared to face a life of adventure when she decided to become a reporter. She had no idea it was going to be like this! Harmony presents a

dynamic new illustrated bondage adventure serial in the "Sweet Gwendoline" tradition. Chapter One will appear in Bondage Life 34. Don't miss it!